

FROM FAR LANDS

GERVAIS GAGE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

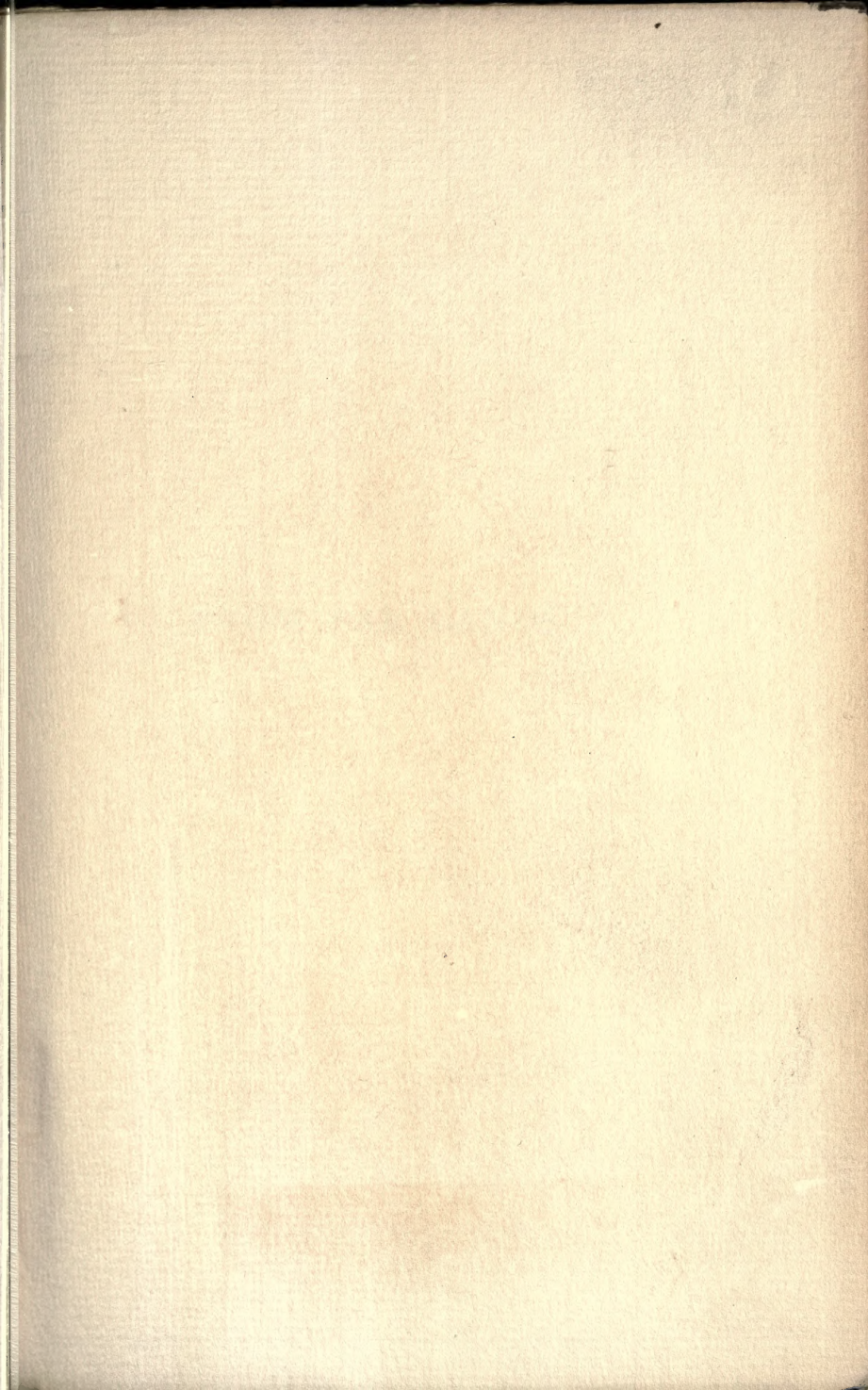


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FROM FAR LANDS



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FROM FAR LANDS

POEMS OF NORTH AND SOUTH

BY

"GERVAIS GAGE"

(J. LAURENCE RENTOUL)

377130
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IN TOKEN OF GRATEFUL REVERENCE FOR
THE LATE PROFESSOR GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK,
LL.D., etc.

AND

THE LATE PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN,
LL.D., LITT.D., D.C.L., etc.

TWO TEACHERS

OF PROPHETIC KEN AND CREATIVE POWER

WHO FIRST AWAKENED WITHIN ME THE POET VISION

AND THE POET YEARNING,

AND WHOSE SPIRIT AND WORK HAVE BEEN IN MY HEART

AN ABIDING IMPULSE THROUGH THE CHANGEFUL YEARS

AND THROUGH THE FAR LANDS,

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED

BY "GERVAIS GAGE."

AUSTRALIA, 1913.

FOREWORD

THESE, and other, Poems have shaped themselves in the successive pauses of the life-toil of one who is, perforce, a worker, and a wanderer, and an exile.

His infancy and boyhood were moulded amidst the hills and glens, and by the streams and seas, of one of the loveliest and most spirit-haunted nooks of Northern Erin. (His heart clings there still.) Life's call placed him, later, amidst the thought and practicalities of cities, and of the larger world,—England, and, at times, the German Fatherland. Thence Destiny "drove out the man," even as "the Lord God . . . drove out the man" at the first, from the familiar river and trees and "garden" into the "field." And its "curse" and "thorns" have brought also love and work and laughter, as well as heart-break and tears.

From Australia, the Far Land of his adoption, he sends now his message, anxious that her

Vision and her yearning should be sung purely and worthily, with the human pulse-beat old as Man's Knowing and Sin and Sorrow, and new as Man's Love and Remorse and deathless Hope.

He is glad for the growing fellowship of Australasian Seers and Bards who are singing, each by his (or her) own lonely glen or post of vigil, the Message of Man.

Quite apart, however, from all question of the poetic worth or unworth of these Poems, to have discovered three men of such mould as Matthyas Barnewall, and Samuel Perry, and Arthur Wilkinson may be deemed sufficient "apologia" for the publication of this volume.

(It will be evident that the earlier sections of poems—I., II., III., and IV.—belong to my life in the Old Lands, before my departure for Australia.—G. G.)

FROM EDWARD DOWDEN, Esq.,

LL.D., LITT.D., D.C.L., ETC.

IN the winter of 1906 Professor Dowden, having read the MS. of "*Achonry*" and of "*Dunluce*," was good enough to write to "Gervais Gage" (at that time on a visit to Europe) :—

"Your poems have brought enlargement, sun, air, sea, space, to a prisoner whose breath is, at present, rather scanty, and whose jailer is bronchitis. They are admirably strong, and very much alive, and very unlike the poetry which is at this moment taken as typically Irish—which has its own kind of shadowy beauty, but not the strong pulse of the general life in it. They promise well, as I think, for 'Gervais Gage.' His volume will have a character of its own. . . . I should like to write at length, but I can only send you good, true, hearty thanks for both '*Achonry*' and '*Dunluce*.' I am struck by their vitality and vigour—vigour of imagination embodying itself in vigour of versification."

Again, in 1908, Dr. Dowden, having seen the MS. of "*Sam Perry*," "*A Memory*," and "*By an Austral River*," wrote :—

"I have had genuine satisfaction in reading the poems. They have the vigour and manly style of those I previously read, and also a manly tenderness. '*A Memory*' is full-fraught, in its brevity, with passion. The '*Austral River*' is strong and spacious ; and hope and cheer balance the tenderness of the memories in it. '*Sam Perry*' makes me *know* the man—and in a vivid way. I would venture the suggestion that the prose notice of Sam should precede—not follow—the poem. Such men have a claim on memory which makes such a memorial as your verse and prose worth much more than an *éloge* on a man who has forced himself on the general public, and cannot be forgotten."

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I

IN DIEBUS JUVENTUTIS MEAE.

I

B

‘Cum essem parvulus . . . cogitabam ut parvulus.’

ST. PAUL (1 Cor. xiii. 11), in Jerome's *Vulgate*.

Ἦβα μοι, φίλε θυμέ.

(‘Be young, O my soul!’)

MIMNERMUS, *Anth. Lyr.*

Ἀλλά, νέοι, στέργετε νέον πόθον.

(‘But, O ye who are young, cherish the yearning of youth.’)

MELLAGER, *Anth. Lyr.*

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

I

WHEN I was young and thou wast young
And two fools played together,
The hat from thy fair head I flung,
But crushed and kept the feather.

Half wroth, half loving over much,
I twined it round my fingers ;
The wrath has fled, the feather's touch
Round hand and heart it lingers.

It nestles at my bosom now,
Round hand and heart it lingers ;
It sends the hot flush to my brow,
The hot blood to my fingers.

II

When I was twelve and thou wast ten
We roamed the hill together ;
We chased the golden-crested wren,
We plucked the tinkling heather.

FROM FAR LANDS

We beat the briers in mimic strife,
We trod the wild-rose under ;
'We cleave,' quoth I, 'O little wife,
Dame Fortune's bars asunder !'

We flung the boulder of the brake
Adown the deep glen crashing :
O, list its plunge, and then the lake
Upon the pebbles washing !

And of the music that it made
We twined a mystic tether,
And wound and bound, in forest glade,
Two beating hearts together.

III

When thou wast wayward sweet eighteen,
And I was two years older,
The frost, alas, it fell between,
It froze thy bosom colder.

And when I knelt to worship thee
Once more upon the heather,
With reckless lips thou saidst to me—
"Pray, give me back my feather !"

And anger-stung was my reply,
Thy cheek, my sweet, did quiver :
I went : the lark sang heedless by,
The trout leapt in the river.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG 5

.
When we were children on the hill
We played the fool together ;
But, ah, we fooled it deeper still
That morn upon the heather !

And two hearts, bound 'gainst time and tide
In sweet Love's mystic tether,
At one swift word were sundered wide,
A word light as a feather.

TO MY OLD WATCH.

(Silvern, and of the "turnip" tribe : on receiving
the gift of a gold one.)

O WONDROUS work of Mind's invention,
List to my secret-sworn intention
 To keep thee still !—
Whilst life-blood gives its kindling heat,
And Reason holds her regal seat
 And power to will.

Whilst gratitude my bosom sways
For kindly deeds of other days,
 I'll be thy master,
And place thee near my heart, I vow,
And listen whether it or thou
 Can beat the faster.

It was thy mate in merrier time,
Ere Hope's sere leaf or winter's rime
 Had gathered o'er it ;
When life was leaping in its mains
As though 'twould sweep, adown my veins,
 The world before it.

TO MY OLD WATCH

7

O, oft when Pleasure's giddy trance
Had lured me on her dizzying dance,
 Some call of thine,
Speaking in accents cold and clear,
Thrilled startingly upon mine ear
 Like Voice divine.

And, often, when the bands of sloth
Had bound me, all too little loth,
 In silken den,
Thou, ticking monitor of Time,
Didst rouse in me, as at the prime,
 The Man again.

When Youth's feet fared on fields remote,
Thy categoric silvery note,
 Thy warning sign,
Importunate, unglamoured, clear,
Said : " Be *thou* true within thy sphere,
 As *I* in mine ! "

Or,—when unfriended, far, alone,—
Thy cheery, leal familiar tone,
 Thine outstretched hand
Nerved me, through broken hopes or pain,
Like voice of brother heard again
 In foreign land.

I've asked myself, O beating wheel,
If thou canst love, if thou canst feel
 As I for thee ;

For, often in the darksome weather,
Thy heart and mine do make together
Rare harmonie.

And Night is strange : forecastings drear
And shadows, oft of cark or fear,
Stalk to and fro :
O, then thou seem'st to me opprest
With fellow-feeling in thy breast,
Thou throbbest so !

I've suffered, suffered through the night,
And palpitated for the light,
Soul-racked and sad ;
O, I have thought, when Morning broke
And the new world to joy awoke,
Thou too wast glad.

Or, when in doubt I've lost my way,
And longed for glint of star or day,
I've touched thy hand ;
Then, all around me came the song
Of comrades and Youth's jocund throng
In mine own land.

Pulse of the Timeless, set to chime
Law-girt and spaced and orb'd in Time,
Thy mystic voice
Saith, at the breaking o' the day,
"O soul, uplift thee, gird thee, pray,
Work, and rejoice !

“Thy brief day’s toil transcends thy day ;
Thy small-sphered life doth reach away
Beyond thy sight :
Dare till thy Time the Timeless gain,
Thy low-roofed, narrow Space attain
The Infinite !”

O, trusty friend and sentinel,
Shall gold, or bribe, or fashion’s spell
Rend us asunder ?—
No, nor wild witches’ magic broth,
Nor force nor fraud shall shake our troth,
Nor Earthquake’s thunder !

They name thee “old,” and “antiquate” ;
Mayhap they deem *I’m* out of date
As well as thou !
Peace to their carpings, right or wrong,
But friends who’ve lived-and-loved so long
Shall not part now !

In both of us is something strange,
And much removed from common range
And, certes, grand :—
Something, beyond the common ken,
That common watches, common men
Can’t understand !

Thou’rt worn, and battered is thy face ;
I, too, am spent in this fierce race
’Gainst Fate and men :

Rough usage is the mortal lot,—
Ah, friend, for one dinge *thou* hast got
I've dinges ten.

I'll wind thee up with gentle hand
Till I, like all Earth's siftering sand,
Shall have run down :
We two will keep good time together,
'Spite changes of the fretful weather,
Or Fortune's frown.

At years and ills that curse thy race
Ring ticking laughter from thy face
In silvery glee ;
And I at plodding schemes o' men
Will laugh myself half-young again
For companie.

And when for aye my mainsprings rest
Thou shalt lie pillowed on my breast,
And silent be—
Above a heart, to ashes turned,
That erst with eager longings burned
So near to thee !

THE CROWNING OF THE KING.

Now within its narrow hall
Is the coffin laid ;
Soon the closing clods shall fall
From the sexton's spade,

And the mourners forward press,
Silent all and pale :
Hearts that know Grief's utterness
May not weep or wail !

Gaze they wistfully and long
On the coffined clay :
God, our Lord ! the ties are strong
Thou dost reave away !

But from all the outer crowd
Tears unstinted flow,
And the women sob aloud
In their woman-woe.

This that lieth in the grave
Is their Parson's son,
Dead when boyhood, bright and brave,
Youthhood's verge had won.

Mourned for worth that was his own,
Frank of soul and face ;
And he leaves his father lone,
Last of name and race.

.

Then, uplifted, sorrow-strong,
Rose a pleading cry ;
And a woman, through the throng,
Drew the grave anigh.

" I was nurse to him that's dead,
When a little one,
And I loved him, Sir," she said,
" As he were my son ;

" And for many a weary mile
Have I come—in vain !—
Hoping I might see him smile,
Hear him speak, again.

" Master, by the gentle grace
Of the olden day,
Let me, once more, see his face :
Do not say me ' nay ' ! "

THE CROWNING OF THE KING 13

.
Slowly was the answer sped,
 Labouring with its pain,—
“Love like this,” the father said,
 “Shall not plead in vain.”

And the dead face was made bare,
 O, a sacred sight !—
Nestling all untroubled, fair,
 'Mid the linen white.

Heedless now of labouring breath,
 Heart-ache, pain, and sighs,
Sat the majesty of Death
 Silent on his eyes.

And a hush, Death's undertone,
 On the mourners fell—
As if Silence from God's throne
 Had grown audible.

.
Deathlike-still the woman stood,
 Pale as was the dead ;
Mute with Death's own solitude,
 Not one word she said.

So, a statue of dumb pain
 For a little space :—
Then her tears fell fast as rain
 On the sleeping face.

.
Shot a sudden shaft of light
From a riven cloud,
Flickered on the forehead white,
Flickered on the shroud ;

Gathered round the temples now
In a golden ring,
As a crown might bind the brow :
Of a sleeping King.

Caught within its rim each tear
Trembled like a gem :
Technist never did ensphere
Rarer diadem.

Gift this wide world never gave
Jesus half so sweet
As when Mary's love did lave
From Love's fount His feet !
.

Father, let your heart be calmed !
Through the weary years,
Know, your dead one lies embalmed
By that chrism of tears.

THE RIVER RUNNING TO THE SEA.

I

THE river running to the sea
Bears tithe of hills along,
And babbles in its lissom glee
Its glad and wayward song.
And past the rock and o'er the stone
It speedeth on its way ;
Athwart the glades the scent is blown
Of the new-winnowed hay.

II

The meadow and the meadow-sweet
Hum with the flitting bee ;
From heaven there falleth to my feet
The lark's wild melody.
All blithe and vocal is the wold
And eloquent the air :
O heart, shall thus *thy* tale be told
And babbled here and there ?

III

By widening wealth of holm and wood
The river winds along ;
And greater and more still of mood
Its forces gather strong.
The rock is hidden in its tide
That now is calm and deep ;
Beneath its hush of waters wide
The frets are lulled to sleep.

IV

And, O, the silence of its flow
As now it nears the sea ;
How self-contained for joy or woe
Its massive might can be !
It beareth burthens on its breast
Not of its own to-day ;
Its restless strength that seems at rest
No obstacles can stay.

V

O heart of mine, that leaps and sings
Beside the shallow stream,
And, in the rapture boyhood brings,
Dreams its own wayward dream,—
To babble to another's ear
The dreamings rash and vain,—
Grow deeper, stronger, year by year ;
Within *thyself* contain

RIVER RUNNING TO THE SEA 17

The energy of will and life
To bear whate'er may be,
The strength that gathers for the strife
To front the larger sea !



II

“QUANDO AUTEM FACTUS SUM VIR”—

ST. PAUL (1 Cor. xiii. 11), in Jerome's Latin.

'Δαιμονίη, μή μοι τι λίην ἀκαχίξω θυμῷ.
 οὐ γάρ τίς μ' ὑπὲρ αἴσαν ἀνὴρ "Αἰδι προΐάψει,
 μοῖραν δ' οὐτινὰ φημι πεφυγμένον ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
 οὐ κακόν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλόν, ἐπὴν τὰ πρῶτα γένηται.
 ἀλλ' εἰς οἶκον ἰούσα τὰ σπαντῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
 ἱστόν τ' ἡλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλενε
 ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι· πόλεμος δ' ἀνδρεσσι μελήσει
 πᾶσι, μάλιστα δ' ἐμοί, τοὶ 'Ιλίῳ ἐγγεγάασιν.'

ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας κόρυθ' εἴλετο παίδιμος Ἑκτωρ
 ἵππουριν· ἄλοχος δὲ φίλῃ οἰκόνδε βεβήκει
 ἐντροπαλιζομένη, θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα.

Hector and Andromache at the Skaian Gate of Ilion.
 (HOMER'S *Iliad*, vi. 486-496.)

"Nay, break not thy heart, my Beloved, with sorrow over-great ;
 For no man shall hurl me adown unto Hades against my fate.
 But I ween there is none that may flee from the doom ordained
 at his birth,
 Nor the craven, nor yet the valiant, when once he is born on the
 earth.
 But thou, enter into the house, to the labours of Woman give heed,
 To the toils of the spindle and loom, and command thy maidens
 to speed
 Their tasks, but for war shall the Men take thought, and for these
 shall it be,
 Even all that in Ilium abide, and chiefest of all for me.'

So spake he, and Hector the glorious his helm from the earth
 hath ta'en,
 Dark-maned ; and his dear-loved wife hath hied her homeward
 again,
 Oft looking back, while fell her tears like the winter rain."

ARTHUR S. WAY'S *Iliad of Homer : Done (in Australia)*
into English Verse.

“DUNLUCE.”

FROM gray Dunluce to the deep
I gaze on the lordly shore,
And the waters laugh and leap
Around me and before.

The “White Rocks” gleam in the sun,
And the black cliffs tower on high,
And the blue waves into them run
With the lover’s lingering sigh.

Old Ocean is calm to-day !
He has sung his might to rest,
As a bird pours forth his lay,
Then sinks to peace in his nest.

Old Ocean is calm as a bird
That sinks at eve to his rest ;
Yet the heart of a Briton is stirred
To tumult within my breast.

And, gazing out over the shore
From the crags to the surge of the sea,
I think of the days of yore
When Ocean fought for the free—

With a shock like the shock of a world ;
Oh, a world set in war is the main
When navies to hell are hurled
By the wrath of the hurricane !

Yonder the Giants hoar¹
Weave on their stony loom
Fate's grimly outlined floor
Traced in large lines of Doom.

Once through these mouldering halls
Harps thrilled, sweet voices sang ;
By these gray sea-girt walls
Spears brake, swords clashed and rang.

And maidens' eyes were bright
With Love's glad mystery,—
Blue deeps whose shade and light
Outfathomed the blue sea !

Look ! 'midst yon foam I mark
The ledge where the angry main
Swept into ruin dark
The great war-ship of Spain,—

¹ The Giant's Loom and Giant's Causeway in popular legend.
See Notes.

Last of that stately host
Which loomed o'er the mazed sea
To break, by tower and coast,
Our Britain of the free.

O, Holland's travail-pang
Through the long night till morn !—
From thee, as poets sang,
Were the World's freedoms born.

O, Drake's rare dauntless breed,
Not by Earth's mammon-fee,
Only with Love's large meed
We pay our debt to thee !

Broke by such craft and might,
Through tempest's shock and boom
Spain's fleet from the fell fight
Drew Northward to her doom.

O, bravest of the brave,
Her knight without a stain—
Da Leyva onward drave
To the wild western main !

To these walls, lifted high
O'er Erin's midnight sea,
His cannon boomed their cry
For succour, piteously.

FROM FAR LANDS

But Philip's guns were hushed,
His gunners' arms were stayed,
As down upon them rushed
Old Ocean's cannonade.

The rocks were stained with gore ;
But Ocean smote again,
And shook in scorn from the shore
The blood of papist Spain.

.

Shout, Britons, along the shore,
Shout "Hail !" to the conquering sea
That girdles, as in days of yore,
These islands of the free !

Laugh lightly along the shore,
Pulse gently, O surge of the sea ;
But smite with the thunder of thy roar
When England needeth thee !

O billow, that whispers through
This cave-worn sacred place,
I wis what thou canst dare and do
When the wrath is on thy face !

.

From a far, sea-kissed tower
A woman watched—in vain !
Da Leyva's ship came never more
To the sunny land of Spain.

FRIEDRICH'S VOW.

DUSKED and gathered the folds of the night
On a hill moaned round by a hungry sea ;
Its wailing blent with the call of the fight
That was borne on the wings of the wind
to me.

And Innstrahull's red beacon-flare
Gleamed out, then died, on the darkling
main :
The youth was comely, the maiden fair,
Their love and their beauty were their bane.

We parted there by the dreary shore,
The fierce war sundered my friend from me,
And the wild waves echoed, "Nevermore!"—
As the sun burned low on the rim of the sea.

With its fading flush on his face he passed,
Hoarsely said, as he grasped my hand,
"A farewell, Friend!—a long and a last,
I go to die for the Vaterland!—"

“Where heart’s blood drips for country’s
right :

The German Rhine shall at last be free ! ”
And chill on my hand was the clasp of the
night,
I heard no voice save the sob of the sea !

.

Soh ! battle on battle for weeks was won,
The world grew pale at the Uhlan’s lance ;
And the discrowned Corsican, all undone,
Gave up at Sedan the keys of France.

And the Red Prince swept, as a blighting
breath,
Down on the valleys of fair Lorraine ;
And, ah, for Friedrich’s vow of death,—
And a mother and maiden that mourn the
slain !

There ! through the crash of the shot and shell,
Shearing the Nations’ and Nature’s pride,
In the rush of the battle he reeled, and fell,
Cried out “Vorwärts ! ”—and smiled, and
died.

O, high heart, with the sword grasped tight,
Keen edged, in the firm unshaken hand,
Eager to dare in the front of the fight,
Where the blue blood flowed for the Vater-
land !

Many a hero slept that day
Where the breath of the battle rocked the
hill ;
But none with more of the hero lay,
O smile most sweet, O sleep most still !

Many a lover reeled in the race
Of the rushing feet and the ringing cheers ;
But never a brighter or fairer face
Drew forth man's pity or woman's tears.

Many a brother fought and fell
Where the guns rained death on the hill's
dark brow ;
But none by the friends that kenned him well
Has been missed and mourned for more
than thou !

.

And the news sped west to an island home,
It knocked at a heart whose hope was high ;
Its touch was chill as the Norland foam,
And the heart, at the tidings, yearned to
die.

By darkling strand and lonesome fiord
A maiden moaned till night grew late ;
And they spake to her never, O never, a word,
For they knew that the grief of her heart
was great.

Ay ! red through the gloaming the lights shall
flare,

And fade into dark on the trembling sea ;
And the vow for Vaterland to dare
It hath had no pity, O girl, on thee !

Morn after morn shall the bright day break
On the long lone gulfs of the yearning sea ;
But the battle-call for country's sake
It hath reft the light of thy love from thee !

Day after day the noon shall shine
And glad the heart of the widowed sea ;
But never, in all that woe of thine,
Shall thy lover's blue eyes beam on thee !

Eve after eve shall the daylight die,
And night creep lone on the darkling sea :
And the sound of its moaning shall be as a cry
Of the wraith of a hope in the heart of thee !

Kaiser, mumbling the thanks to God,
'Twould have saved my friend from the
cold death-trance
Had ye struck the league when the Corsican's
rod
Was broke at thy feet at the gates of France !

Corsican, smitten and all-discrowned,
Thy fall cannot waken the murdered dead !

The blood of the Peoples moans up from the
ground,
The Curse of the Nations is on thy head !

Yet I swear by Magenta's crowning fight
One Folk, to the realm of the free restored,
The Godlike word "Forgive !" shall write
In Italy's tears on thy broken sword !

.

We shall think—when we gather in gay
Portrush
And the blue sea sings on the same white
strand—
Of his blue eyes' gleam and his brow's quick
flush
As he swore, "I will die for the Vaterland !"

When the lone sun sinks in the western wave,
And the lone lights flare on the trembling
main,
We shall think, O Friend, of thy grassy grave
By a lone far valley of fair Lorraine.

THE PRINCE AND THE CZAR.¹

THE Prince and the Czar ride into the streets
 'Mid a proud free People's mood of
 grace ;
And forgot is the hate of the hosts and fleets,
 We are drawn to the Man and the human
 face,
I am won by the spell of the human face.

Look ! there they are sitting side by side,
 The blond young Prince and the great
 grim Czar,
Whose Peoples grappled by land and tide
 In the rage of the stupid and bootless war,
 The crime of the weird Crimean War.

The Czar's fair daughter has plighted troth
 With the sailor son of the British Queen ;

¹ On the occasion of the entry into the City of London of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) and the Czar of Russia (Alexander II.), accompanied by the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Alexandra) and the Duchess Marie Alexandrovna (the Czar's daughter, wedded to Prince Alfred of England, the Duke of Edinburgh). Their visit was to the Guildhall, that the Czar might be presented with the Freedom of the City of London.

THE PRINCE AND THE CZAR 31

And of what avail were the fury and wrath
That sundered the lands in the years
between,
And soaked blood-red God's fields of
green?

And "Tommy Atkins" is lining the street
In his bearskin shako to welcome the
Czar,
As wholesome of heart his foe to greet
As to fight him again in the next wild war,
Should the Fooldoms unleash the dogs of
war.

I have ruth for the Czar's bronzed care-lined
face
As he gazes, the cheering crowds adown,
At a free great People's mood of grace
Round their Prince in the great free
London town,
The free-born Briton's London town.

For this is the Czar whose single word
Set free the serf in his own wide land ;
And his Folk's dull heart was vaguely stirred,
Unripe and unready to understand :
O, 'twill wake, one day, and understand !

Each step of the way has a tale to tell,
As they sweep through the city by Temple
Bar,

How the wrong went down and the tyrant fell
In the rally and rout of the People's war,
When they forged through pain the days
that are.

Each turn of the street has a story to tell
How the freedoms were wrung, in the days
gone by,
From a despot king or a prelate fell
When the people demanded the reason
why :
And their necks paid toll for the reason
why!—

Till there came new kings of a wiser mood,
With the open ear and the seeing eye,
And their sceptre symbolled the People's
good,
And their Voice was the People's reason
why :
O, their throne is built on the reason
why!

Till there came to the throne a young girl-
queen :
They waked her at night in her white
girl-gown,
And they cast on her orphan brow the sheen
Of a peerless Empire's peerless crown :
So lonely a maiden, so heavy a crown !

THE PRINCE AND THE CZAR 33

And she loved and wed : and her spell
reached forth

And drew each Briton-hearted zone,
From the sun-veined South to the ice-ribbed
North,

To her Mother-heart and her central
throne :

The sea-girt land and the sea-orbed
throne !

And this frank Prince is her son and her heir,
With his blithe bright face and his eyes of
blue,

With his sense for the pomp of the days that
were

And his reason's grip of the new and the
true,

And his honour as staunch as his word
is true.

He is glad, this Prince, in his People's joy,
He is proud of their love as they look in
his eyes ;

The brain of a man and the heart of a boy
And the pulse of the human are making
him wise :

And the tact of a Ruler gleams clear in
his eyes.

He glances aside at his guest's grim face
To see how the Czar is taking it in—
The cheers of a People's loyal grace,

The riotous order, the jubilant din,
The roar of Freedom, the joyous din.

But the Czar's grim face gives never a sign
Of the thoughts that are stirring his
bosom now,—
The sad eyes rimmed by their dark outline,
And the furrows ploughed in the breadth
of brow :
O, the lonesome eyes and the brooding
brow !

Does he see, in a vision vague and dim—
In a pageant dread that is yet to be—
A Czar, on the sudden, torn limb from limb,
'Mid the crowds of the city beyond the
sea ?
O, his own great bourg by the Baltic Sea,
In the blind birth-throes of Liberty !

For he kens, this Czar with the human soul,
The law that is written on Crown and on
Cross
And on Freedom's tear-stained bible and
scroll—
That 'a saviour of men from their doom
and their loss
With the cost of his own life's blood
pays toll' :
The harvest is reaped, but the seed paid
toll !

THE PRINCE AND THE CZAR 35

But the horse-hoofs prance : and there comes
in her car

The princess-wife, that shall be a Queen :
In that long radiance one sole star,
Alone, and resplendent, and serene :
The peerless Maid shall be peerless
Queen !

O, the cheers ring out at the sight of her
face,
And the poise of her head sets you all on
flame,
And her look seems saying : " I've heard of
your case
And feel for your trouble and ask for
your name ! "
And you join in the cheers with your soul
afame.

So my vow reaches out to her bright young
smile,
To her wonder of beauty and witching
mien :
You would fight for her through to the
world's last mile
And die for her, crowned in your heart
as Queen !
This Maid of the North shall be
England's Queen !

But my eyes come back to my Prince's glance,
And its pride in his People's festive
mood,
And its glad look cast at the Czar askance,
And its wholesome sense that Life is
good :
Yes, in Freedom's England Life is good !

And sorrow will come and furrow his face
With lines as deep as a Czar's can wear ;
But a self-ruled People's love and grace
Will lighten the load of his lonesome
care,
Set free from a brooding Czar's despair.

So the Prince and the Czar rode into the
streets
'Mid a proud free People's mood of
grace ;
And forgot was the rage of the hosts and
fleets,
We were drawn to the Man and the
human face,
I was won by the spell of the human
face.

And they pranced on their way to the old
Guildhall,
Where the roofs on the narrow old
streets look down ;

THE PRINCE AND THE CZAR 37

For the proudest and greatest and best of
them all
Are proud of the Freedom of London
Town,
This old free city of London Town.

And I, who hold by the People's cause,
Nor care for a Monarch's nod or frown,
Was won, that day, in my heart's applause,
To the Prince's claim and his coming
crown,
The frank-faced Prince and his destined
crown.

And I, who have scorn for the pomp of men,
And I, who have never touched his hand,
Crowned him as King in my heart just then,
And would fight for his throne in the
Briton's land,
To the brave last ditch of the Briton's
land !

.
O Doom, that broods o'er the East and the
West,
The bodings hush and the threats unsay!
Let the God and the Man speak clear in the
breast
Of the hosts and the Peoples and Kings
to-day:
'Let the wild wars cease and the Nations rest!'



III

“I WAS ASLEEP, BUT MY HEART
WAKED ”—

The Song of Songs, v. 2
(Rev. Ver., as in the Hebrew).

“‘Veni in hortum meum, . . . sponsa mea!’ . . .

Ego dormio, et cor meum vigilat, vox dilecti mei pulsantis :
Aperi mihi, columba mea, immaculata mea !”

Canticum Canticorum, v. 1, 2 (in Jerome’s Latin).

Ἔπος ὡς ἄνεμος κατ’ ὄρος δρύσιν ἐμπέσων
φρένας . . . ἐτίναξεν.

(‘Love, like a wind smiting upon the oaks on a mountain, shook
our hearts.’)

SAPPHO, *Anth. Lyr.*

Ἦρος ἀγγελος ἱμερόφωνος ἀήδων.

(‘Love, the tidings-bringer, the nightingale, with voice full of
yearning.’)

SAPPHO, *Anth. Lyr.*

LISTEN, LADY !

LISTEN, lady ! let me sing
What I may not speak :
Song shall hide heart-faltering
Where all words were weak.

Maiden, shall I tell thee why
All this life of mine,
'Mid the great world flitting by,
Mingled is with thine ?

By the mountain, glade, or glen,
City-mart or sea,
All my hope, for deeds and men,
Coloured is by thee !

Like a bright enwoven thread
In the woof of Thought,
Through my heart and through my head
Thv sweet name is wrought.

FROM FAR LANDS

Brightest blue of morning skies
Brighter seems to me,
And the eve a gentler guise
Wears, because of thee.

Sweetest music seems more sweet,
For in it I hear
Harmony of coming feet
Telling thou art near.

Yea, Life's fight beneath the sun,
O my Queen, can be
Firmer fought and nobler won
Through the thought of thee!

Never yet between us twain
Greeting or farewell,
Words of parting or of pain
Or of troth befell.

Yet, beneath the Moon's sweet reign,
Reigning silently,
Flows, and ebbs, and flows amain
All the speechless sea.

Lady, draw me with thine eyes,
As the Moon the Sea,
All my heart shall loyal rise
Dumb, but strong, for thee!

Yes, I cannot tell thee why
All this life of mine,
'Mid the great world flitting by,
Mingled is with thine :

For I cannot tell the grace,
Winsome, proud, and sweet,
That is writ on brow and face,
Writ from head to feet—

Of the lady that I love :
Lady, look on me
As the Maid-queen from above
Looks and wins the Sea !

A REVERIE.

ONE thing I know not,—what, O little maiden,
What art thou thinking in thy reverie?
One thing I know,—Life would be all joy-
laden
If that fair brow, with its brown hair un-
braiden,
Were thinking, thinking—of thyself and
me !

One thing I know not,—maiden, dost thou
love me,
Although thou dost not speak?
One thing I know,—whether thou hate or
love me,
May Heaven hold her buckler all above thee,
As she hath set her beauty on thy cheek !

One thing I know not, yet I keep surmising,—
What lies before us in the shrouded years?
One thing I know,—like some strong hand
baptising

Gently on infant's brow,—may God's palm
 rising
Shed on thee love, ay, though in shape of
tears !

Tears? Were not baptism but the tears of
Heaven

Signed on a mortal face in Love's fond pain ?
Oh, if from out thy heart such tears be riven,
Let my heart lie beneath them, and be shriven
And signed as thine, by that most gentle
rain !

One thing I know not,—what, O little maiden,
What art thou dreaming in thy reverie ?
One thing I know,—I would, O little maiden,
That leaning brow wherewith thy palm is laden
Leant on my heart and mixt its dream with
me !

O, COME WITH ME.

I

O, COME with me and we will bide
In our own cot together,
Regardless of the time or tide
Or want or wintry weather !
We'll build a home far more secure
Than castles high in air,
And, with your face for garniture,
A thousand times more fair.
Then come, O, come !

II

A lark sings rapture in the blue,
It bids my heart rejoice ;
For so it sang when first I knew
Love's note in your sweet voice.
There's nothing God has made but Love !
Naught else can still the pain,
Or make man's life, here or above,
Worth living o'er again.
Then come, O, come !

III

So, come, true heart, and be my wife,
In spite of friend or neighbour !
We'll make our home with thew and strife
Of mutual love and labour.
O, when you're tired, just lean your breast
Against my heart, and see
Yourself reflected and at rest
Within the eyes of me !
Then, come ! O, come !



IV
IN THE TEMPLE OF SORROW.

“Et laudavi magis mortuos quam viventes.”
Qoheleth, iv. 1 (in Jerome's Latin).

“*An Older Woman*”

‘Nay, know ye not?—This burden hath always lain
On the devious being of Woman; yea, burdens twain,
The burden of wild will and the burden of Pain.’

Nurse

‘Oh, pain were better than tending pain!
For that were single, and this is twain,
With grief of heart and labour of limb.

But if any far-off state there be,
Dearer than Life to mortality,
The hand of the Dark hath hold thereof,
And mist is under and mist above.
And so we are sick for Life, and cling
On earth to this nameless and shining thing.’”

EURIPIDES, *Hippolytus*, by Dr. Gilbert Murray.

“Nevertheless, one may still murmur audibly, or in the original Greek, if that suit thee better: ‘Whoso can look on Death will start at no shadows.’ . . . With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar’s gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes! . . . Thus was I standing in the porch of that ‘*Sanctuary of Sorrow*’: by strange, steep ways had I, too, been guided thither.”—CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*.

“Where the ideas of Time and Sorrow are not, and sway not the soul with power, there is no true Knowledge or Poetry or Philosophy.”—ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

ANNIE : MY CHILD LOVER.

I

LET me gently climb the stair,
And look in on the sleeper there !
She is very still to-day
That was erst so blithe and gay.
Heart so light and face so fair,
How is the laughter fled away !
There is no sound or stir of play.

II

I have seen her romping so
Round this room with face aglow :
It seems scarce an hour ago.
Music sweet did trilling come
From those lips too mutely dumb.
Is she plotting mischief deep,
 Deep and sly ?
Or is this the silent sleep,
That close closing of the eye
Over which poor Eve did weep,

In a mother's woe,
When her Abel mute did lie,
Long ago,
And a man had learned to die?

III

I have called her, "Annie, come!"
As in days ago;
But from out her lips too dumb
Breaks not any tone.
Such wonders God has made her see
She does not care to answer me,
Although she loveth tenderly?
Such new delights her heart surprise
The old seem common in her eyes?
Is it so?
Or why not speak one word, albeit faint and
low?
She does not care to rise and play
In this lower room;
She will not answer me to-day
Though I urge her, "Come!"

IV

O, the little tired heart
Not again shall leap or start
In mortal pain:
Not again!
And the little feet no more
Shall come tired to the door!

And the hail no more shall beat
 On her face adown the street,
 Nor the rain :
 Not again !
 Very peaceful, very fair
 Lies the little sleeper there !

V

O, the breath of violet !
 Tears must spring, I know not why.
 Look, the bunch her own hand set
 In that vase the rose hard by !
 They too droop and haste to die,
 No more glad for company
 And bright in the glance of her bright eye.
 Look, the lilies lie at rest,
 Rise not, fall not, on her breast :
 Nay, the breast itself is still,
 And the rose-red lips all pale and chill !

VI

Why dost whisper, why dost creep
 Round her stilly, why dost weep
 That she wakes not ? O, this sleep
 Of this sleeper, friends, is deep !

VII

Sleeper, sleep !—
 Speech thy lips forsaking.
 God shuts out the garish light
 Of Earth's transient sun,

All the windows closing
For thy calm reposing,
 And the day is done.
God shall wake thee pure and strong,
O, sleep soundly, night is long :
 But, when dawn is breaking,
O, the strange sweet morning song
 And the wondrous waking !

VIII

Sleeper, sleep !
All thy being full of rest,
All thy thinkings unexpressed,
Calm in all thy brain and breast,
 Sleeper, sleep !

IX

But, O Annie, we alone,
Just we two, and none beside,
 When the great gates toward the throne,
Where you'll meet me, open wide,—
O, we two will turn aside
By the river of Life where the trees can hide,
And talk and gaze till eventide,
And see naught else till eventide,
Though the streets in their glory lie full
 wide.
The Angels will smile all satisfied
With Love by death indemnified,
And God speak not a word to chide.

A MITHER'S CRY.

(Written on a Sister's Grave.)¹

WE played together, she and I,
Her brown hair blown athwart my face :
She wed : she died : I write her cry
Here in this silent place.

.

“Wee bairnie, strickit doon by death,
I canna' dry the rebel tear !
At night I listen for your breath,
Forgettin' you're nae longer here.

“I stretch my arm to fin' your face,
To feel you sleepin' soun' an' calm ;
But cauld and empty's a' the place,
And nae wee forehead fills my palm.

¹ This poem is uttered in the “Ulster-Scottish” dialect, spoken by the “common-folk” round about my boyhood's home ; for Sorrow's Voice is the speech of the People, and I could not have trusted myself to express her cry (though her wedded life was in England and she sleeps in an English grave) save in that vernacular which was the language of the People's joy and doom.

“An’ then I turn me to the wa’,
Like that auld smitten Hebrēw King,
An’, wellin’ frae my heart, there fa’
The salt, salt tears o’ suffering.

“ Ah, God ! ’tis weary through the night,
Lone are my arms where late she lay ;
In a’ my heart there is nae light :
Thy face is dark. I canna’ pray !

“Doon deep below the silent sod,
O bairn, thou goëst back to dust !
And so I gie thee up to God,
An’ leave thee, sweet,—because I must.

“I canna’ keep thee : God is strong.
Thy lips, O dead, I’ll kiss nae mair !
Christ, Christ ! it surely isna’ wrong
To cry : Thou know’st my heart is sair !

“My earliest bairn God swept awa’,
Scarce had it kened the light o’ morn;
And then the darkness covered a’
Until my second bairn was born.

“ It, too, will wake nae mair frae sleep,
Let bright dawns rise or dark winds rave ;
The twa wee coffins nestle deep—
Doon in the silence ca’d the grave.

“O, could but one wee face be there
Saved frae that cauld unanswering clay,
Or had God's gifties been less fair,
My heart had been less lone to-day !

“ ‘ *The Lord kens best,* ’ the preacher spoke,
Wi’ ruddy face, voice large an’ round :—
Not like *that* Voice wi’ sobs that broke
When blood-sweat dript frae brow to
ground :

“Not like that troubled Voice which groaned
Near His friend's grave at Bethany :
‘Where have ye laid him?’ And they
moaned,
‘Lo, how He loved him! . . . Come
and see!’

“ *Does* God ken best? He smit wi’ pain
The Son He lo’ed the best o’ a’ ;
But, mindin’ that, there comes again
A glimmer on the darkened wa’.

“Maybe I lo’ed her—not too weel,
For, Lord, Thou kenn’st that canna’ be—
But lo’ein’ what my hands could feel
Maybe shut out the thought o’ Thee !

“Break not my idol : let it sit
Where Thine ain face is plain to see ;

Then, liftin' up my thought to it,
 My thought can never err frae Thee !

.

" Maybe, aboon the clouds an' rain,
 The lonesome nights an' dreary days,
 My bairn, God earliest made His ain,
 Teaches my later bairn His praise.

" Maybe she mak's its prattlin' tongue
 Rin sweetly in the joyous psalm,
 Where God's ain songs are endless sung,
 And God's ain bairnies wave the palm.

" Maybe, they, sittin' side by side,
 Feel heaven less lone because they're
 twa,
 And wunner why *we* fret an' chide,
 And why our hot tears drip an' fa'.

.

" O, wee bit bairn, on earth crushed doon,
 Smit sair as wi' an angry rod,
 To think thou'rt sittin' noo aboon
 Crowned wi' that painless peace o' God !

" 'Twere better for thee, bairn : the curse,
 The death can fa' nae mair on *thee* !
 But how for *us* it isna' worse
 Is what thv mither fails to see.

- " I ken thou'rt safe ; but, a' the while,
Life's path for *us* the lonelier lies :
Nae mair I'll see my shadow smile
Doon in the well-spring o' thine eyes !
- " Nae mair thou'lt answer what I say
Wi' that unlettered speech o' thine :
Nae mair my arms by night or day
Shall clasp the bairnie that was mine !
- " Nor once, where ither women meet,
Shall I lift high my head in glee
Wi' bright-faced damsels roun' my feet,
A pride for a' the warl' to see !
- " Forbye, the silence an' the dark
Stretch in drear distance far between :
Faith shudders where nae milestones mark
A roadway through that dumb Unseen !
.
.
.
.
.
- " O Christ, whose sobbings shook the shade
Of the lone garden and the hill,
No path but that Thy feet have made
Lies open unto sorrow still !
- " Ay, bairn ! His heart can shield thee best,
His voice be gentler for thine ear !
Lord, who hast gi'en my babe her rest,
Stop her lone mither's rebel tear.

.
“ Maybe, by this twice-loaded loss,
Thy face, O Christ, I kindlier see,
And a’ the meanin’ o’ that Cross
Thou barest in Thy woe for me.

“ I ken Thy sorrow none can tell,
Thy face, like mine, was wet wi’ tears,
Thou, too, wast lonely, Thou Thysel’
Pray’d’st as if God had closed His ears—

“ Till, through the dumbness and affright
Of the sealed grave and sky forlorn,
Broke the strange radiance of the light
On Woman’s doom, that Easter morn.

.

“ O, gie me strength frae them to part,
An’ yield them up, great Christ, to Thee :
Lord, let them sleep upon Thy heart,
Far safer than they slept wi’ me ! ”

.

And a year sped : in that same grave
I saw three coffins lie at rest :
Beneath, that Mother wondrous-brave,
And her two bairns upon her breast.

V
IN FAR LANDS.

“Et emisit (hominem) Dominus Deus de paradiso voluptatis, ut operaretur terram de qua sumptus est. Ejecitque Adam.”—Gen. iii. 23, 24 (in Jerome's Latin).

Καὶ διέσπειρεν αὐτοὺς Κύριος ἐπὶ πρόσωπον πάσης τῆς γῆς.
Gen. xi. 8 (LXX.).

Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἶδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.
(‘And he saw the cities of many men, and learned their thoughts.’)
HOMER, *Odyssey*, i. 3.

GO !

THE ship was waiting in the bay,
The wind's voice whispered soft and low :
I said :—‘ O maiden, shall I stay,
Or shall I go ? ’

Her cheek grew pale : as with a wand
The sunset blessed her soft brown hair :
She crushed a flower within her hand :
O, she was fair !

Silent she stood : the trellised rose
Just touched and trembled on her breast :
O petal, kissed by evening glows,
The riddle's guessed !

The silent lips, the paling cheek,
The blush rose quivering on her breast—
‘ O little maiden, do not speak,
I know the rest !

‘ But, O fair maiden, storms will blow
And rough Heaven vex the darkling way ;

O little maiden, shall I go,
Or shall I stay ?

‘ Life’s duteous venture lies afar
O’er the long rolling of the wave :
Wilt stay where level pathways are ?
Girl, art thou brave ? ’

Then, beauteous as the sunset glow—
O, but her face was fair to see !—
She whispered :—“ Do not fear to go :
I go with thee !

“ O, yes ! let tempests mutter loud
Or night fall dark upon the sea,
A maiden’s will, by fear un-bowed,
Is brave *in thee* ! ”

.

Two hearts kneel in the sea-side church,
A little hand is clasped in mine ;
On a fair finger, like a torch,
Troth’s symbols shine.

Our ship lies waiting in the bay :
A fair wind whispers soft and low :
The jocund bells chime out to-day
As we two go.

AT A GATE ON THE HILL.

I

At a gate on the hill in the parting hour,
When the wind blew soft on the sea,
He laid in the maiden's hand a flower :
"O sweet, thy pledge from me !
Years shall be sped, the flower be dead,
But not my love to thee ;
O, not my love to thee !
Keep thou it still in a heart on the hill
In a tender memorie !"

II

At a gate on the hill, in a weary hour
When the rough wind vext the sea,
She held in her hand the faded flower :
"O sweet, my pledge from thee !
The years are sped, the flower is dead,
But not thy love to me,
Though there come no news from
the sea :
It liveth still in a heart on the hill
In a quenchless memorie !"

III

On a grave by the hill he knelt—alone,
The wanderer, back from the sea ;
He knelt alone by a white grave-stone :
And, carven curiously,
The scroll he read :

—“ *The flower is dead :
But not thy love in me,
Though thou stayest long on the sea :
By a higher hill it waiteth still,
At a fairer gate for thee :
In a deathless tryst with thee !* ”

SONNET.

SELENE IN THE SOUTH.

(On first seeing the "New Moon" rise over an
Australian mountain-range.)

O FAIR young Moon, that risest on my sight
Clad in thy naked beauty white and pure,
A haunting sweet surprise,—hopes that
endure

Leap up to greet thee in my heart to-night !
Long, long ago I hailed thee, radiant-bright,
In the cold North : above thee, strong and
sure,

Steadfast 'midst darkling storms or mists
that lure,
Gleamed guardant the Great Bear's calm eyes
of light.

New Heavens are o'er thee. New stars
kneel and shine
At thy fair feet. Nay, thou wilt not forget
Endymion's kiss that thrilled back joy to
thine !

Here is no Latmos ; but, more lustrous yet,
Our South heights hail thee : for thy fairer
crown

The Great Cross sheds on thee his splendour
down.

BY THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

THE lone "bush" breaks : and the forest dips
and clings,
Cleft deep to its heart by the sickle of
glinting stream :
List ! that is the bell-bird's call that flits and
rings ?—
Like a vague new song heard once in a land
of dream.

The crickets drone, and the drowsy cicadas
chirr :
The tinkling cow-bells echo athwart the
range :
O'er log and leaf deft lizards rustle and stir ;
A mopoke hoots, with his welcome quaint
and strange.

The gaunt white arms of the gum-trees ring'd
on the slope,
Like ghosts of a Joy and a Beauty slain by
Greed

BY THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH 69

For scant pelf hid in their girdles, seem to
grobe
Blindly for grace that's lost:—blind quest
indeed !

And here and there, 'mid their death-wan
mute appeal,
Peeps out the bark-clad roof of a rude slab-
hut,
Or a straggling rail-fence : *there*, by a torn
cart-wheel,
Two calves, with lowering foreheads, strain
and butt.

Yonder's a bittock of garden : stunted pear :
Dried cabbage-plot, with the rough paths
scrub-o'ergrown :
A tangled rose, but it lives, and it still can
dare
To flaunt one English stem, which has
blushed and blown.

Beyond is a plot still smaller, with a small
grave
Set slantwise to the sun and the dawning
East :
Seems God-blest !—mound is green, soft
branchlets wave—
God's acre, far from the churchyard and
the priest !

So life is here !—Man's home with its hope
and care,
Its squalid toil, and its fight with the field
and the clay—
(Yon lurching chimney sends its reek to the
air,
Signal to all it is meal-time o' the day)—

The same weird tale, since the gate of Eden
closed,—
Of woman and man out-driven to face the
wild,
By the curse on the ground and the baffling
thorns opposed,
With sweat on brow and death on the
Abel-child !

And the same grim battle is fought 'neath the
alien sun,
Till the hot heart chills, and the yearning
and loving and lust ;
And the old Earth-mother, wherever the rivers
run,
Bids Man "return," and folds him in her
dust.

But *here*, where the woodland dips to the
waters' flow,
Are nooks of grace no trampling foot hath
stirred,

BY THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH 71

Shrines sacro-sanct to rest and the twilight
glow,
Murmur of stream and chaunt of the care-
less bird.

And the gladness leaps in my heart and floods
to my face,
As it was in the lands of the North—the
rush and the cheer ;
For the whole world's joy can be framed in a
little space,
As the whole world's pain can be globed in
a sudden tear.

Yes: I will climb adown to the river bed :
O, the free wild water is clear as in burns
at Home,
And the traceried lichen is sun-kissed to
blushes of red,
And the fern is a maze of pearl from the
drift of the foam.

The fern-trees are arching an aisle with its
vaulted shade,
And the flickering lights fall softened upon
its floor :
And sweet as the weaving of sleep is the
cadence made
By the pulse and pause of the cataract's far
outpour.

Glad, glad, O land of the Sun, is thy noise of
brooks !

In thy ranges high are the leaping of foun-
tains clear ;

But mine own heart yearns for the tones in the
quiet nooks

By the streams of a colder zone and a
younger year.

Glint of blue sky gleamed through with a
dazzle of gold !—

A kingfisher darts from the height to the
pool below ;

And the wren,¹ in a joy too great for his heart
to hold,

Fills the listening vale with the lyric over-
flow.

But why should I tremble and thrill at the
song of the bird,

And why, ere I know, should there dash
from mine eye the tear ?

No thrush's² note *this* woodland glade has
stirred,

No nightingale moans with a passion wild
and clear.

O nightingale's dirge, and carol of soaring
lark !—

Ye pierced with a too-keen yearning the
heart and the brain ;

¹ The "blue-wren," or "superb warbler" of Australia.

² Australia *has*, however, her own "song-thrush" and "song-lark."

BY THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH 73

But, songs of the brooks that are heard through
the day and the dark,
Whence cometh *your* secret to sweeten the
pools of pain ?

The mosses are soft as your singing, and
hushed is the dell,
And mellow the light as it glints through
the whispering trees,
And finer the gold of the wattle than gold we
may sell,
And the ferns by the stream have the ken
and the dreaming of ease.

And the clematis clings to the strength of the
"lilac" or "musk,"
With blooms like a bride's sweet eyes
through her bridal veil
When the cloistered shade and the tears make
the vision dusk,
And high is her heart, though her tremu-
lous beauty be pale.

O murmurous chaunt that is haunting the
primal brooks,
And thrilling from lips of the quenchless
mountain springs,
O song of birds that peoples the nesting
nooks
Till mirth of heaven to earth its rapture
flings,

O message of Love and Beauty scattered
wide,
And lyric Joy that floats over creek and
dale,
Your glamour-plea,—too eager to be denied,—
Pants through me, leaving me all athirst
and pale!

Ah, glades! ye are silent of voices I used to
hear,
And vacant of faces more fair than the glen
and the tree:
If I sit by the river will Some-one be waiting
a-near?—
And her tones had a music more sweet than
of brook and of sea!

Will ever a brother speak *here*, by the bank
of the stream,
With challenge of swimmer or risp of the
whirring reel?—
With shout: "It is morn! Brother, wake!
It was all a dream!
We are still 'mid the snows of the North,
'mid the snipe and the teal!"

Look, look!—where an "English" trout has
leapt in the pool,
And the circles pulse outward, and quiver
and widen away,

BY THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH 75

As it used to be in the evenings soft and cool
By the Nor'land streams, when at home for
the holiday :

As he used to leap in the wave of the wimpling
Wye,
Or light with his sheen old Thames's upland
rills,
Or dart, 'mid the Bann's swift rush, on the
hovering fly,
Or hie up the "chiming Tweed" to the
haunt in the hills.

He has spaced and timed his moods to the
alien lands,
He has found new eddying glides for his
food and his play,
With a changeling mate he will speed to the
golden sands
And furrow a couch in the fords of the
newer day.

But Man, with the inward ken, though banished
far,
May not cease from the backward glance,
and the mystic spell
Of the first glad lights, and the gleam of the
first sweet star,
And the flash of the Phrath, and the song
of the Hiddekel.

And, O, that I could have again the boy's
 young heart,
 As it was when we dived by the bends of
 the red-cliffed Roe,
Or cleft the wave of the silvery Bann apart,
 Or swam through the "Alts" of the
 rippling Aghavoe!

IN AN AUSTRAL GULLY.

I

SAUNTERING down the gully, near the meeting
waters,

What is it that holds me, sudden like a
spell?

Not the brooklet's singing, not the blue-
wren's rapture,

Not the grace of "blackwood," nor the
whispering dell!

Tired with my tramping by the gorge and
creek-head,

Fallen logs of gum-tree, rock, and
tangling brake,

What is it that stirs me as with horn of Elf-
land?—

Nerves with might my sword-arm, calls,
"O heart, awake!"

Not the wondrous glamour of the arching
fern-grove,

Not the gracious sunlight glinting
through the trees,

Not the boom of Ocean borne across the
 ranges
 Blending in the gum-tops with hum of
 fitting bees !

No ! A vision, certēs, binds me tranced and
 gazing,
 Draws me mute a tiptoe, open eyes and
 lips,
Sweeps me all a tremble with the joy of living,
 Floods the springs of being, soul to
 finger-tips.

Not as when the "ferly" rose in Langland's
 "seeing,"
 First of human poets fusing English
 speech
With true tears of pity for the toil and
 travail—
 Man and Child and Woman, and the
 doom on each !

"Ferly !" —Yes, blood-real, maiden not mere
 angel,
 Arm most winsome-rounded, lips all
 riperly red ;
Eve's enticing kinship flushed its soft allure-
 ment
 Through her supple outline, dainty foot
 and head.

Damsel—sweet, untended,—asleep beside the
river !

Sleep all free and fearless ; in her vermeil
cheek

Plays a sportive dimple ; pride and coyness
blending

Show her kin to Adam, not too angel-
meek.

Book lies open near her : Keats, thy voice
a tremble

Hath drowsed her 'mid the poppies, with
lute of Porphyro,

“ Azure-lidded slumber,” Madeline’s sweet
dreaming,

Sigh,—“ For if thou diest, my Love, I
know not where to go.”

Grassy bank beneath her, wattle bough above
her,

Wind of Spring a swaying her soft
brown wavy hair :

O, her ear so dainty takes in the brooklet’s
wooing.

Sunlight slants a peeping upon a face so
fair !

Polypods a tiptoe look over to behold her,
Quiver to their rootlets too near her
little waist ;

Epacris a bending has touched her bud of
bosom,
And draws back blushing crimson,
ashamed of amorous haste.

I too would come a gazing and murmur
praises round her,
But, like robin lighting upon the peach
in bloom,
Another and another might follow, on my
venture,
And leave, 'mid crowds of rivals, my
heart too little room !

Yonder by the marsh-weed, for a furtive
moment,
Stalks the stately lyre-bird, miracle of
grace ;
Hid again in wild-wood, soon his mimic
laughter
Mocks the bell-bird's joyance, mocks the
brooklet's race :

Mocks the magpie's cackle, kookooburra's
slogan ;
Yet she sleeps unheeding, sung to from
burn and brake :
I too would sing in chorus, but then she'd
never hear me,
Nor ken I watched and loved her with
all my heart awake.

Had there slept such beauty of eld in Thracian
valley,

Pagan god had graspt her—gods un-
knowing shame!—

Stained her face with weeping, torn her heart
with pining,

Placed her in their heavens then, a bright
undying name.

But, if maid of Erin, when the gold-gleam
collar

Decked the kingly manhood that made Erin
free,

She had walked in safety through the glen or
forest,

Princess unto all men, as she is to me :

Zoned, because a maiden, in her simple
beauty,

Castled round with honour, all her path a
song,

Every youth her swordsman, every hind her
vassal,

Every knight her champion, none to do
her wrong !

Here, by Austral gully, she may sleep as
calmly,

Gentle air of Spring-time wooing on her
face,

Hand beneath her dainty cheek to bid it not
be lonely,
Lissom from the neck to heel, and
clothed upon with grace.

II

I will go and woo her, venture deeds of
daring
That shall stir her wonder, rive her soul
with fears,
Work some scheme of pity,—O, 'twill thrill
her bosom,
Melt her into loving, and win her heart to
tears !

Science bids me question heredity and kin-
ship,
What her mother's breeding, what her
father's name ?
Has she spendthrift brother, quaint neurotic
sister,
Phthisic aunt, or cousin that bears some
taint of shame ?

Peace to all their jargon, formulae and
scalpels !
Down the ages Adam has somehow found
his Eve,—

By seashore or streamlet, dell or haunted
fountain,—

Where'er his arm might shield her, or
wit her plight retrieve.

Thanks, young father Adam!—took your
Eve on trusting,

Nature solved the problem, worked out
clear the sum ;

Eve, the damsel, listened to just her own
heart-singing,

Sang her song out sweetly, while Science
yet was dumb !

Came the sin and sorrow, blinding tears and
anguish,

Flame-sword circling ruthless to bar the
path behind,

Thorns might fret the forehead, feet, far
afield, grow weary

On roads of trudge and travail, with
moaning in the wind :

But neither e'er repented the pure young
primal rapture,

Pant of soul and bosom as heart leapt out
at lips ;

No load on bending shoulder could dull, or
bring forgetting—

Love's first godlike gladness from soul to
finger-tips.

III

How long she might have slumbered?—I had
never waked her,
Never wearied watching from out my
vantage-place ;
Dream of trustful beauty glad in Nature's
keeping,
Life's young joy reposing in pure unstudied
grace !

What enchantment drew us, my Queen and
me, together,
Tore the screen asunder, fetched her in her
charm
Trusting to my honour, crowning me with
knighthood,
Yielding me her kingdom, clinging to my
arm ?

"The forests," sure, "had done it," muses
subtle Browning,
Sifting cause and con-cause : leaf and air
and bud,
Tender light on mountain, splash of tinkling
water
Nerve the will to action, stir the loitering
blood !

Ah, the forests truly, yet a force within them,
 Urgent, brute-kinetic, flung the screen aside,
 Routed shy conventions, swept away the bul-
 warks,

Tost two souls together out on danger's tide.

Hurtling up the gully, ramping through the
 dogwood

Came the black bull's bellow crashing
 through her dream,

Came his eyes a flaming : lo, my love had
 trespassed

On his spouse's pasture, by her festal
 stream !—

Not as when Europa, sporting 'mid her
 maidens,

Won to traitor fondness Zeus the fierce
 and fleet,

And his hooves of passion, 'neath her clinging
 beauty,

Cleft the wavelets' laughter on to sea-born
 Crete.

Dead are all your pagans—nymphs and gods
 and wantons !

Here the bull was British, leal to kith and
 kin,

Guarding his own valley, fierce to oust invader,
 Blind to human beauty writ on cheek and
 chin.

Nay, the very beauty, waft of sash and raiment,
Flash of red, but roused him to frenzied
tauric rage ;

Stood he Briton truly,—lone, defiant, daunt-
less,—

Recking not if thousands or one might
fling the gage.

Bull all Briton, certès, brusque, with shaggy
frontlet,

Broad and dour and steadfast, eye devoid
of mirth,

Eye of pride and scorning, set in lowering
forehead,

Feet most squarely planted on the solid
Earth.

Ask me not the story how I swung her deftly
To the rock's escarpment buttressed round
with thorn :—

Was the fair Andromeda, leaguered by sea-
monster,

Set in direr peril, noon and eve and morn ?—

There the brute stood pawing, mad with
baffled frenzy,

Filling glen and forest with his rude alarm,
While my maiden fearless held her post of
vigil

Sure that all Trafalgar was centred in my
arm :

How I lured his Brutehood down the bellow-
 ing valley,
 Past the cliff's entrenchment, to the river's
 turn !
 There his wives were browsing, there I lost
 and left him
 In a ferny hollow, by the rushing burn.

IV

How we went together by wood and whisper-
 ing streamlet,
 Past the meeting waters, to her rose-
 rimmed gate,
 How she looked and listened, what we asked
 and answered—
 Not all racks of Stuarts could force me to
 relate !

O, she deemed me hero, Achilles-like in valour,
 Perseus in strategic, Bayard without peer !
 O, her voice was music passing all the rapture
 Of birds' entrancing joyance and brooklets
 glad and clear !

I will tell her never—not till babbling Dooms-
 day—
 How my heart went beating, a pit-a-pat
 with fear,

In that bull-encounter, despite my visage
martial,
'Spite of words of courage I whispered in
her ear !

Each Eve to each young Adam is doubtless
maiden-angel,
Proof 'gainst snake or apple, too pure for
fleck or stain,
Adam *her* All-hero !—Ah, fields of thorn and
travail,
In *you* we'll shed the motley,—and may, at
last, attain !

v

O, that bull so British !—I will find his value,
Buy him—bellowing brisket, chine and tail
and horn—
Place him, wives and yearlings, on a gullied
mountain,
Fed with lushest grasses, in winter too with
corn !

Butcher's knife shall never slit his throat so
glossy,
He shall die in Elf-land by the river-side,
Moan of woods around him, song of birds
above him,
Who won to me the lover that shall be my
bride !

AT "GOVETT'S LEAP."

(On a shattered Ankle-iron found by me in the Sand
at "Govett's Leap," near the old Convict Camp,
Blackheath, "Blue Mountains.")

SYMBOL of Hate and Hell and Despot-power,
Impartial Time hath fretted to red rust
Thy once remorseless clutch! The wise
dumb dust

Hides thy grim tale, and slow tears hour by
hour

That hardened into cursings, till the flower
Of Hope was wasted. Then in rage was
riven

Thy tyrant grasp. Self-judged, absolved
and shriven

A Man stood free! Nor did his strong heart
cower

At deep hoarse bay of bloodhound. From
Fate's rod

He leapt into the darkness—O weird fall!—
Appealing to the just dread doom of
God.

A swift flash through the silence : that was all !
Yon "Lion-rock," the abyss, the sheer cleft
Mount
Bear witness : and God marked, and keeps
the account.

“MY WIFE AND I.”

(BY THE TIRED TOURIST IN TASMANIA.)

(Any Husband to any Wife.)

I TRUDGED adown the dusty road
That winds to Hobart city ;
And argent-clear the Derwent glowed,
And Nature's face was pretty—

But grimed : the drought had scorched for
weeks
Without respite or parley :
The trout gasped in the dwindled creeks,
The sun had “blazed” the barley.

The apples shrank on shrivelled boles
Unfit for crate or cider ;
The hops hung yellowing on their poles
A prey to thrip and spider.

So trudged I through what once was green,
Turned now to dry and dusty,
And thought how each resplendent scene
Of Time grows sere and fusty :

And how the limbs, in Life's romance,
That go at morn a leaping,
Foot at the noon a slower dance,
Then lag and fall to creeping.

Then thought I of my true Wife's love,
The longsome way beguiling ;
And, as my heart did quicker move,
It set my face to smiling.

The grimy road and hedgerows passed
From out my vision fairly,
The world was young again and vast,
The day seemed fresh and early.

.

There came a loon around the turn,
His small moustachio twirling :
His face meant placid unconcern :
His hair was trim and curling.

Quoth he, with slow "Colonial" leer,
"Neighbour, does nothing ail ye?—
Or is it full moon o' the year
That sober sense doth fail ye?—

“ Or, an ye smile at some high joke
While I stand sadly staring,
Pray give it voice, that other folk
Right neighbourly have sharing ! ”

‘ Nay, friend, thou pratest as a boy,’
I said, ‘ God’s help avail thee
An thou hast no heart-hidden joy
When props begin to fail thee !—

‘ No face clear-featured in thy breast,
In lines of wifely beauty—
When Life lags slow with care opprest
And day brings toilsome duty,—

‘ To light with its remembered smile
Time’s dusty upland weary,
And make its measured mile-on-mile
Bloom, like the meadows cheery

‘ Through which, in Earth’s engoldened
youth,
Walked Isaac and Rebekah,
Ere Pelf had jeered at tryst and Truth
And banished Faith to Mecca :

‘ And when the jocund heart of trust
Lived on till hairs were hoary,
Nor recked of hedgerows gray with dust
And uplands shorn of glory ! ’

.
So trudged I down the winding road
To Hobart's queenly city :
And silver-clear the river glowed,
And Nature's face was pretty.

And, as I thought of Home and Wife,
The longsome way beguiling,
My heart so leapt to fuller life
It set my face a smiling.

AUSTRALIA'S HERO.

(*Loquitur*—in the Australian vernacular—Seth Bracken, son of Adam Bracken, selector.)

I

No ! they didn't raise no statue—no—nor fix
no big brass plate
At the corner, on the pillar, or Church-
wall ;
Nor they made no swell subscription for a
widow desolate,
An' two kids that for their Daddy search
an' call.

No ! he wuz no prancin' Major toff, nor
Kurnel o' dragoons,
Wi' the cock-tail flauntin' gaily at his
crest,
Proudly glancin' roun' to catch the gaze of
awe-struck girls an' loons,
All admirin' at the buttons on his breast.

'Sh, his father called him "Failure!"—for
he didn't make a shine
At no poetry nor graftin' in the school :
(Now, great Gum, Clive's people dubbed *him*
"Dunce," an' sent him "cross the
Line,"
An' he showed the world a hero's not a
fool !)

But his christened name wuz Arthur,—same
they gev' the blameless king
No one knowed to be a king by coat or
crown,¹
Yet, when danger struck, his deeds o' might
set all men wondering,
So he silenced doubts o' traitor, coof, an'
clown.

Yis, young Arthur didn't coddle, didn't
"write," an' didn't stand
In for winnin' at no pawn-shop, like the
Jew,
Nor at stocks an' shares, like Gentiles ; so
they put him "on the land,"
Which for honest work's a proper thing
to do !

¹ But since he neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his knights,
And many of these in richer arms than he,
She saw him not.

An' he joined no land-grab syndicate to "run"
 a fatman Church,
 Suckin' in the trustin' public's wherewithal,
 Jist to leave them wrecked an' pillaged in the
 wild financial lurch,
 An' responsible for "first" an' "second
 call."

But he ploughed a clean-cut furrow, where
 his seed-potatoes fell
 Neat an' reg'lar as the teeth o' cross-bred
 ewe;
 An' the wheat on his "selection," as the eye
 from far could tell,
 Wuz an even growth, wi' docks an' thistles
 few.

Soon his face got tanned an' bronzy wi' the
 honest Southern Sun
 An' the Northwind searchin' keen through
 range an' flat;
 Bet, the rain wuz all too scanty, so umbrella
 he had none,
 On his head wuz hitched a slouch-sun-
 downer hat.

O, he had a mighty wrastle once to push his
 hands inside
 Jist the only pair o' gloves he ivver owned;

It wuz on Peg's marriage-mornin', an' she
laughed until she cried,
But he stood up to his dooty, an' jist
groaned.

Ugh! we strained an' tugged perspirin', an'
we squeezed to get them on,
But they came off window-holed at palm
an' wrist;
And he laughed an' chuckled hearty:—
“Now, *that* fooldom's done an' gone,
I'll grip on to work wi' naked, manful
fist!”

Yis, he had his trousers' pockets, 'stead o'
gloves, when hands wuz chill,
An' he whistled as if Life meant, “Take it
slow!”
But when work wuz on the hands leapt out,
an' did it wi' a will,
An' the thing wuz done afore you'd time
to know.

For young Arthur didn't coddle, didn't pose,
an' didn't stand
Up in furs an' rings an' glitter, like the
Jew,
Nor in masherdom, like Gentiles; so they
put him on the land,
Which for Manhood is a wholesome thing
to do!

An' he nivver lured a woman's love to use
 an' then betray,
 Nor besmirched no girl's young soul wi'
 sin an' shame,
 Nivver blistered his own memory wi' scars
 that sting an' stay,—
 Awesome *inside* hells o' everlastin' blame !

An' he didn't sling no langwidge which a
 mother mightn't set
 To her youngsters to legitimately spell ;
 Didn't parse no moods an' tenses from the
 Devil's black Gazette,
 Nor make paradigms from all the verbs o'
 hell.

When the dull fools mocked Religion, an'
 the clever fools made light
 O' the meanin's writ on all the worlds
 that roll,
 He would only smile, an' question :—" Hev'
 ye seen the stars at night,
 Or the clearer stars a shinin' in Man's soul?"

When the bullock-driver's waggon, in the
 glue-pot on the track,
 Up the ranges, stuck, an' fluent oath an' yell
 O' coagulated blasphemy, above each strainin'
 back,
 Through an orchestra o' thundery lashes
 fell,—

He would say :—" Now put *yerself*, a space,
neck-shackled, in the yoke,

Wi' a bullock, but two-handed, set to
drive,

Wi' a pistol-shotted stockwhip, an' an oath
to grease the stroke,

An' at times a kick to ask ye how ye thrive!

" Man, ye don't admire the slaver when he
spills his anger out

On the slave that's tied triangled to the
wood ;

An' ye don't much love the Rooshian when
he swings his knotted knout,

An' then damns the wretch for wincin' in
his blood !

" There's a sort o' silent godlikeness within a
creature's eyes,—

When the forces crush, then curse, it in its
pain,—

That reminds one o' the Christ-face lifted
dumb to dark'nin' skies

When the hootin's made the Cross-nails
stab again ! "

II

P'rhaps at two main points young Arthur
got a trifle swelled o' knob,—

Proud o' property, though not in gear or
land,—

One, his trusty Scottish collie ; one, his
staunch Australian cob :

For *their* shapin', seemed, the Univarse
wuz planned !

An' the cob, he *wer'* a daisy !—fine o' head,
an' clean o' limb,

Shoulders broad, an' brisket firm, an' round
o' girth,

Quarters square : an' Arthur sat his back wi'
poise so light an' trim,

Man, it seemed a flash o' Natur's general
mirth !

“ Why the white streak by his withers ? ”—

That brings back the big bush-fire,

When it flamed down through the forest
to the sea

Scorchin' leagues o' land to cinder, as if Hell's
outburst o' ire

Spat its curse on bluff an' gully, hill an' tree.

It wuz Arthur, ridin' Brownie, that plunged
through the blazin' ring

As it closed round Rooney's hut, along the
creek,—

Fetchin' wife an' child out safely, though a
burnin' branch's swing

Left a “ well-done ! ” scar on neck an' chin
an' cheek.

An' a fallin' flare o' gum-tree made brave
Brownie reel an' sway,
For an instant, but he swerved an' kept his
feet ;
That white rose he'll wear through life-time,
in the night an' in the day,
Sort o' laurels o' that gallop wild an' fleet.

III

But Spring equinox wuz on us, veerin' squalls
o' Ninety-One,
An' the sea-birds lifted landwards wedged
for flight,
Though we felt the sweet Spring-promise
through the young September run,
An' the creeks took in a larger spell o' light.

From the ragged rim of Otway cliffs we
watched the steamers pass
On their long trudge to the Homelands far
away :
At sich sight strange visions rise an' glance,
as in a swingin' glass,
An' a heart-throb chokes the words ye
want to say.

Westward, great "white horses" tost their
manes against the settin' sun,
An' the masts dipt down an' sank amid its
light ;

While the smoke-trail stretched its long fare-
well on sky an' waters dun,
An' the far sea moaned away into the
night.

But the crafts that gleam like things o' joy,
wi' motion free an' glad,
When the Sun's laugh brightens sail an'
hull an' wave,
As one gazes out to seaward, somehow make
me lone an' sad,—
Siren voices still sing sailors to their grave !

For the ships loom up from S'uth'ard, the
long journey almost done ;—
Hearts are dazed wi' shock o' wave an'
lash o' foam,
Wi' the lonesome nights o' darkness an' the
days o' blindin' sun,
An' a sudden thirst for harbour an' for
home.

An' they seem to lose their balance, lose their
caution an' regard,
'Mid the shiftin' breath an' glint o' cliff an'
sand ;
So they won't be warned or startled by the
doom o' the "Loch Ard,"
Or the drama o' the skurryin' "Cumber-
land."

IV

Fell the night afore the Sabbath, wi' a haze on
 sea an' shore,
 An' some eerie sound o' wail was in the
 wind;
An' in front the surge swung beachward wi'
 an angry snarl an' roar,
 An' a moan wuz in the gum-tree heights
 behind.

Ho! the full-rigged barque, the "Fiji," had
 beat up from South to land,
 Like a sea-bird poised on wings o' glisterin'
 white,
An' her stowage oddest mixture human
 fooldom ivver planned—
 Brandy, childer's toys, pianners, dynamite!

New to these strange shifty waters, wi' their
 currents fierce an' strong,
 Yet they didn't heed the Heavens' deepenin'
 frown,
Nor the cur'ous kind o' cryin' that wuz in the
 spindrift's song
 As the gloamin' dusked, an' night-time
 gathered down.

What on airth possessed that skipper, light a
 point to weather bow,
 Drivin' onward to that fatal Otway reef?—

Wi' the great South swell to starboard, an' to
 leward breakers now,
 An' they do their work, an' prompt, wi'
 warnin' brief!

So, wi' sails full set ('cept royals) through the
 night she speeds to doom,
 An' she "misses stays" an' staggers on to
 shore;
 An' the strong South Sea swings landward,
 an', 'mid Ocean's shock an' boom,
 Sure, they know she'll win to haven nivver
 more.

There's a time in Ocean sailin'—life o' ship
 or life o' man—
 When the chance o' steerin' true is jist too
 late;
 No use *now* to curse yer fooldom, so ye do
 the best ye can,
 Watch it comin', set yer teeth, an' bide yer
 fate!

When the cold gray streaks o' mornin' cast
 a glimmer on the scene,
 Wi' the barque's prow pointin' *hindwards*
 to the shore,
 Yellow sand-surf seethin' upward through the
 foam-ridged walls o' green,
 'Mid the surges' shock, an' wild winds' hoot
 an' roar—

Man, the stoutest heart wuz daunted, and the
bravest voice was dumb !
Juts o' rock rose loomin' through the pallid
light
'Mid the Ocean-swirl that baffles, an' the
waves that chill an' numb,
Makin' day more black an' dismal than the
night.

Rockets' flare an' blue lights' gleam had failed
to fetch an' answerin' sign ;
Wheel an' rudder broke like spindrift out
to sea ;
Boats were stove to matchwood splinters ere
they bottomed on the brine :
An' a wilder fear caused other fears to flee !—

For that strainin' mine o' dynamite inside the
hatches' den
Might flash out a sudden summons scant o'
grace ;
An' the powdered brandy bottles an' the
shreds o' what wuz men
Would perplex a crowner's inquest on the
case !

Then the wild green waves loomed upward,
like witch-crested walls o' doom,
Crashin' down to swing an' rear an' crash
again ;

An' the brave barque grindin' shuddered in
the tempest's shock an' boom ;
An' the bell kept knellin' time to shore an'
main.

Faugh! the rats ran crowdin', squealin', thick
as worms from soakin' soil,
Up from hold to light, an' scuttered o'er
the deck :
Man, 'tis fearsome, Nature's kinship, man an'
beast in common coil,
Common doom,—in plague, in bush-fire,
or in wreck !

v

They were driven always for'ard to the verge
o' foc'sle head,
By the shatterin' seas that beat on hull an'
poop ;
Then Gebhaur exclaimed :—" *O lieber Gott*,
we can at worst be dead,
But refuse to die like poultry in a coop !"
So the bright lad dived to shorewards through
the swirlin' surge an' foam ;
But they had to haul him back again
aboard ;
Scuddin' squalls made yappin' yeasty seas
more madly crest an' comb,
An' the more men prayed the louder
Ocean roared.

Carkland,¹ too, was brave, to test his fate on
that forlorn emprise,
But the back-wash caught an' swept his life
away ;
They could see his arms flung upward 'neath
the circlin' sea-gulls' cries :
An' the hours dragged on, an' broadened
into day.

Sure, the German valour proved its pluck in
that wild hell o' doom
Jist as high as any valour God has made,
Soon the naked plunge o' young Gebhaur
through surf an' blindin' spume
Said, again, to shiverin' hearts :—" Be not
afraid ! "

O, the struggle wi' the breakers as they tost
him to an' fro !
Mates, in frenzy, laughed to watch the
battle brave ;
Now he touched the beach, the wave lashed
back, the traitor under-tow
Sucked him down, it seemed, an' heaped
him in his grave.

But he rose an' struck, the swayin' line fanked
on a jut o' rock,
An' sundered ; an', like demons loosed
for play,

¹ " It's do or die, boys ! " young Carkland shouted, and then
dived into the surf, in a vain attempt to carry a life-line to the shore.

Hurtlin' billows flung him high ashore out-
worn wi' sickenin' shock,
An' the last hope o' the wrecked men died
away.

As they clung, a drenched an' sodden swarm,
along the bowsprit's length,
Ring'd around wi' angry sky an' shore an'
wave,
Sick an' chill o' numbin' heart's blood an' wi'
freezin' muscle-strength,
Underneath them yawned the short shrift
o' a grave !

VI

But the news went spreadin' through the
Bush,—“ A wreck'd ship on the reef ! ”
An' the scattered settlers drew from far an'
near,
Sich a piteous knot o' baffled men, all helpless
o' relief,
An' dumbfounded at that sight o' woe
an' fear.

Now the ship wuz plainly breakin' ; so stout
Punken left his hold,
Plungin' naked in the smother o' the tide,
An' it swung him this way, that way—ship-
wright staunch but numbed wi' cold :
Wilder venture desp'rate swimmer nivver
tried !

O, jist then strode Arthur for'ards, wi' *that*
 "vision" in his eyes
 Like the wise look o' some dumb thing in
 its pain,
An' his glance took in the shore an' sea, an'
 all the darkenin' skies :
Man, *that* look I nivver want to see again !

Jist like some strange Prophet gazin' lone-
 some, steadfast, stern, an' glad—
 On beyond where broken waves an' hearts
 can be :
An' they held him—they that knowed him—
 shoutin' : "Arthur, man, ye're mad !
Mortal man can nivver win thro' sich a
 sea !"

But he pushed them back, an' pointed—ay,
 God's sentence seemed to run
 Calm an' awesome through that steady
 human cry :—
" *There are six an' twenty men out there ! My
 life, it is but one !
An' a life for all those lives should risk to
 die !*"

O, he wuz a gallant swimmer ! From his
 school-days in Geelong
He had loved to cleave the wave an' test
 the tide ;

But it makes a mighty differ, hurtlin' breakers
 fierce an' strong,
 An' the storm-rack on the Ocean wild an'
 wide !

Yet he reached the drownin' seaman, an' felt
 round him for the line ;
 God o' Heaven ! he had cast the line
 away !
 Fiends, an' Fate, an' human folly,—all seemed
 leagued in dark combine
 To defeat the hopes o' Man that awesome
 day.

Then, wi' strong foot-stroke, slim Arthur
 drove the seaman in to shore
 Near to stretchin' hands,—a long linked
 chain o' men ;
 It seemed done an' won : an' then—Great
 Christ !—wi' wild cliff-shakin' roar
 Billows reared, an' leapt, an' sucked them
 out agen !

For a quarter-hour,—seemed tortured days,—
 that fight 'gainst tide an' storm
 Held the gaze o' wonderin' beach an'
 wonderin' deck ;
 Then both swimmers, bruised an' spent,
 bedazed an' battered out o' form,
 Spun out swirlin' on the sea-race, past the
 wreck.

But a loop-line, flung athwart the surge,
fetched both to foc'sle head :—

That's the heart-break, Life's great venture
done in vain !

An' the hootin' waves swept onward, as if
fiends triumphant sped

Mockin' round them at Man's love, an'
doom, an' pain.

Sure, they wrapt him in a blanket on the bit
o' soakin' deck,

O, my great-heart Arthur, "Failure,"
proved outright !

An' the cliff—chalk-marked wi' "HELP IS
COMIN' !" —seemed to jeer an' gek,
Jubilatin' at man's puzzlement an' plight.

VII

Tell me, why at slow Port Campbell did they
let Time's fateful sand

Trickle out from mornin' prime till long
past four ?—

When, at last, some "safety-tackle" got
across the Gellibrand,

Hope or chance to "save the lost" was
well-nigh o'er.

An', when Evans' horses gallopt up, to'ard
gloamin' o' the day,

"Cradle", "carrier", "tail-block", "hawser",
—none wuz there !

Jist a "whip-line", "tripod", "rockets": an'
the wreck out *yonder* lay!

An' men's souls sank baffled down in black
despair.

Yet they shot that slender whip-line,—Oh, an'
nivver gladder brand

Thrilled the dark wi' light!—athwart the
bows it hung:

In the gloamin' o' the Sabbath eve *sixteen* got
safe to land;

An' the haze o' night round cliff an' Ocean
clung.

Sure, the second mate an' skipper chap came
off the last of all,

An' left Arthur dazed an' "dyin'" to his
fate,

Wi' the dark'nin' waves an' dark'nin' skies
his purple funeral pall,

An' his bier the foc'sle head,—to lie in
state.

An' they put on him no life-belt, they fixt to
him no line,

But they swung off, man by man, an' let
him lie;

When ye're s'archin' in the Scriptur' for
Christ's law o' "mine" an' "thine"

Ye'll hev squirms 'bout what seems *murder*
in God's eye!

Then a great sea smote, an' in its foam the
 " Fiji " passed from sight,
 An' a hero died,—once more himself alone!
While the wild waves swept unhindered on
 into the deepenin' night,
 An' the gum-tree heights gev' out a weirder
 moan.

When the body, gashed an' mangled, through
 the surf wuz tost to land,
 'Twuz an ugly fact that made men look
 aghast,
For the drift an' shreds o' flotsam wuz gript
 tight in either hand :
 He had fought Death—like a hero—to the
 last !

Yis, our Arthur didn't coddle, didn't shirk,
 an' didn't whine,
 But he died for men—like God Almighty's
 few ;
An' the men he died for left him to be battered
 in the brine,
 Which—for " Failures "—seems a proper
 thing to do !

VIII

But another sort o' humans made an ant-track
 down the cliff,
 Hustlin' eager to the wreckage on the beach ;

An', where brandy-case swung shoreward or
smash'd bottle sent its sniff,
There wuz throats to gulp, an' scramblin'
hands to reach :—

Some far strain from guzzlin' Noah, when he
stranded on the Mount,
Saved from waters wi' his wanderin' Zoo
an' Ark,
O' God's voices through the tempest nivver
castin' the account
Though the Lord's bow bridged wi' tokens
all the dark !

At the cliff-foot wrecked men lyin', sick an'
numbed an' almost dead,
Others shieldin', warmin', rousin' them
again ;
While these ghouls in human visage round
the lootage-heaps were spread,
As if God had done His potter's work in
vain !

D'ye call it some "revarSION," lapsin' back to
primal note,
Keel an' bilge o' bestial Caliban-like plan,
Wi' the huge Chimpanzee stomach an' the
coarse Gorilla throat
All embedded in the framework o' a man ?

No : ye shame both brute an' human, bird
that sings on spray an' bough,
Ape that chatters o'er his nuts in forest
shade,
Eagle pouncin' on his quarry,—feeds on crag
his eaglets now !—
Man alone belies the plan by which he's
made,

Wi' the type cut clear in Arthur, godlike call
in heart an' soul,
An' the Christ-thrill for the needs o' men
to die ;
Then these worse than soakin' squidfish by
the bungs that sprawl an' roll,
Though brave men in mortal danger near
them lie !

No : they're *not* Australians ! Jetsam o' the
putrid human sea !
Scum from Old Lands' drink an' feudaldom
an' crime !
We must cleanse from all sich garbage these
new coast-lands o' the free,
An' raise Manhood fit for nobler kith an'
clime !

I can understan' a devil, an' have pity for a
dunce,
But I'm puzzled at these human sludge-
an'-sod ;

Sure, they're not worth damnin' always, and
 they're not worth savin' once,
 So we hand them, wi' a scunner, on to
 God!

O, red blood o' father Adam! O, soft breast
 o' Mother Eve!
 O, great God that flashed a soul through
 structured clay!
 Sure Ye—all of Ye—were scandalised, Ye all
 had cause to grieve
 For undoin' o' yer handiwork that day!

But Ye—all of Ye—were justified, the Eden-
 hope wuz crowned,—
 It wuz worth the Mother's pang, the Cross's
 pain,—
 When, amid the billows' hootin', wi' no
 cheerin' comrades round,
There! a man died *so*, to save men once
 again!

An' we—all of us—feel bigger, an' our blood
 a richer red—
 Larger measurements o' Man that is to
 be—
 By our knowin' Arthur livin', an' that Arthur
 now is dead,
 For the sake o' men, unscared by hell or
 sea.

IX

Yis, I think o' great-heart Arthur when they're
praisin' up "our boys,"
Or lamentin' that the breed is "peggin'
out,"
Gettin' looser in the fibre, fit for naught but
sport an' noise.
Not like heroes as old poets yarned about :

Like the men that fought wi' Carthage, or
the Kings that raided Troy,
For a woman, or vendetta, or for wine :
O, great God, who put a soul in man to dare
through pain or joy,
Sure, Ye did yer work too lastin' an' too
fine—

For the breed to worsen downward by the
change o' sun or seas,
By the lapse o' bits o' centuries o' Time :
Not for hate an' not for vengeance, not for
bribe o' Heaven or ease,
Men can die to-day as brave as at the
Prime !

X

Ah, the hut's gone somewhat shaky since he
ceased from knockin' round,
At the gate no hum o' wholesome neigh-
bour talk,

An' no man's foot at the meal-time, wi' a
 staunch home-comin' sound,
 Now strikes crunchin' on the bit o' garden
 walk :

Yis, the gate where he an' she, at morn, glad-
 hearted stood to laugh
 As the foal would canter round an' clear
 the rail,
 Or the young lambs nose their mother, an'
 bore in their drink to quaff
 Wi' a glutton wiggle-waggle o' their tail.

Man, the fence is bent an' broken, an' the
 weeds are in the wheat ;
 Scrub is chokin' up the clearin' here an'
 there,
 An' its boughs are yearnin' landward, as wi'
 hands stretched to entreat
 Jist some respite from harsh winds an' Ocean
 bare.

Ho ! the great South-swell flings strandward,
 an' the billows sweep the reefs,
 Jist the same storm-voices sough by sea an'
 shore ;
 But the kindly cheer o' Arthur's face, through
 human toils an' griefs,
 It comes heart'nin' life an' liftin' loads no
 more.

An' there's jist a pair o' weary eyes that gaze
through startled lids
When a man's foot on the sea-road's heard
to fall ;
There's jist a widow workin', an' a brace o'
orphan'd kids
That sometimes for their Daddy cry an'
call !

XI

(Spoken fifteen years after.)

O, ye've h'ard since then the valour o' staunch
Hughes at Bonnie Vale,
Gropin' downward in the trait'rous flooded
mine,
Through the swirlin' sludge an' darkness, wi'
no lights by which to sail,
An' no cheerin' crowd to give him note or
sign :

Jist on chance o' fetchin' rescue to one help-
less alien man,
Hero too, in that strange lonesome rock-
roof'd stope !
O, dear God ! Ye mind the wonder, an' the
thrill that leapt an' ran
Through Australia's furthest range an'
mountain slope !—

"Varischetti's saved ! " I count Saint Paul a
tip-top hero soul

For that measure of a man he sets so high :
" *Peradventure* "—(next big bush-fire ye can
test *that* Scriptur' scroll)—

" *For the good man some would even dare to die.* "

An' young Cook,—ye've seen "The Nobbies" ?
—through the breakers swam to land,
Wi' the life-line, through the hell o' sand
an' sea :

"Skipper asked me," laughed the youngster,
"an' I took it for command,
Someone *had* to go, an' so it fell to *me* ! "

Yis, I count this finer valour—courage to the
god-like core—

Than the blood-red rage that gains a crown
or star

For some toff, wi' hosts behind him, paintin'
lands or seas wi' gore,
At some Blenheim, Waterloo, or Trafalgar !

XII

Sure, at all park-gates an' corners they are
raisin' statues up

To the toffs that got the biggest pay an'
place ;

An',—at “speech-days,” shows, an' ructions,
—they present some silver cup
To the limbs an' chine that's top-dog in
the race :

Or the men whose hands were reddened or
their rifles smokin' hot
From the blood o' fellow freemen, held at
bay,
When the Few, that grasped for Fatherland
by mountain-gap or cot
Freedom's banner, tottered downward in
the fray.

I don't grudge them all their “glory” ; but
the prize o' Kingdom-come
It creates no noise o' shoutin' at the goal ;
There's no cheerin' when God gives His cup
and bids His “Welcome-home !”
To the men who play the hero wi' their soul.

Yis, the men — *ofttimes the women* — their
memorials, dazzlin' white,
Stand beckonin' in our hearts down all the
years !
An' we keep their names from dust-stain, an'
their faces clean an' bright,
Wi' the breath o' prayer an' secret rain o'
tears.

VI
IN OLD LANDS AGAIN.

“Time shall be forgiven
Though it change all but thee !”

SHELLEY, *The Revolt of Islam*.

SAM PERRY.¹

(A GENIUS UNRECORDED.)

I stood by a grave, and a white grave-stone—
Simple the place like your simple self;
The wind of the bright day made no moan,
The flowers blew free round the plinth and
shelf.

The birds sang sweet, as in years ago
Or ever I wandered across the sea;
The same air breathed and the same sun shone,
And my youth unchanged came back to me.

I lived again in the days gone by
When, lads on our way to the village school,
We watched for your glance and your swift
reply,
As, fit to his folly, you answered the fool.

We forgot the click of the marbles' ring,
And the flick and spin of the whirring top,

¹ See Notes.

To laugh at the quips your wit would fling
At the oaf, and the factor, and the fop :

At the landlord, grinding the face of the poor
In the mill of his ruthless high rack-rent,
Or driving him forth from his fathers' door
When he voted true, or his strength was
spent :

At the rector backing the reign of greed
On its crumbling throne of law and power,
And deaf to the sweet diviner creed
Of the Christ, and the Man, and the
People's hour :

At the tipsy sergeant, and fool recruit
That sold his soul for the shilling-fee
And marched, drink-blind, to the lust and loot
Of the hell called "Glory" beyond the sea.

You flung your wit, as you flung your paint,
At seeming random, but subtle with plan ;
Through your humour droll and your proverb
quaint
Pulsed a heart of comradeship with Man :

With the woes and the yearning and the doubt,
And the dreams of Freedom in every land,
The passion for search and for "finding out"
Which the Priests and the Kings may not
withstand :

And the small light growing to more and more,
As the small child grows to the stature of
man ;

And love for all Earth's secret lore :

Ho ! nor caste can bar it nor custom ban !

You lighted the gloom of the darkened street,
You built your boat with its panting steam
On the river's bend, and its errands fleet
Seemed to the crowd as a magic dream.

And, turning the blunt Folk-speech you knew
To sweet and to simple unison,
The legends of the Past you drew
From the glen and the rath, and you made
them one :—

One story of the life of Man
And of the baffling blows of Fate,
Of Love, and of evil Fortune's ban,
And of heart and hearth made desolate.

Had you lived in the new and kindlier day,—
Lore's gates flung wide to the seeker's
soul,—

Your brow had worn Fame's twisted bay,
And your name been writ on the brazen
scroll !

Your guess at the mystic "How?" of Light
And the secret "Why?" of Force's thrill

Might have fixed your flag on the soaring
height
Of the great crowned kings of ken and skill.

But you made the village and sweet holm-
stream
To know a Man's magnetic power ;
And the Man's soul searched, and he dreamed
his dream,
And died : not finding the place and the
hour !

.

In the Auld Licht Kirk, when the sermons
drear
Were your rack and your purgatorial time,
The song of the birds and the brooklets clear
With the beat of your heart made joyous
chime,

Till the pulpit-banger, above your head,
Went torturing Scripture to prove it plain
That the Father of Christ on the Cross that
bled
Was a tyrant Will—Man's free-will vain—

And "elected some" to a future bliss
And to singing psalms to a harp of gold :
O Sam, you shuddered and yawned at this,
And you blew your nose with a sudden
cold !

For, the week before, you had steered your
boat

O'er the shimmering waters of Lag-a-
Náyle;

And you kenned God's will in the lark's glad
note,

In the streams that sing and the ships that
sail :

In the light that broke down Ullin's dell

Through the trees' sweet grace and the
river's glow,

In the chaunt of Anya's wizard well

As it leapt to the rippling Aghavoe :

In the small bird Christ saw flit in the air,

And the "lily" that couched by the
common way,

And the grass kept safe in the Father's care,

Not carked by the dread of the coming day.

For the God, you said, writ clear in the Christ

Was the Love that yearns through the
Mother's pang ;

And for this, through the ages, sacrificed

The patriot died and the poet sang.

And for this the unchurched Samaritan

Stooped down to the naked and wounded
Jew ;

On the Sabbath day, in the winter gloom,
He sat and read by the dull peat fire ;
And the hard white walls of the hard bare
room
Chilled the young hope of your heart's
desire.

But, when he dozed, you thought to creep,
Mouse-quiet, forth to the life and play ;
Then, vibrant, rang his doom-notes deep,—
“Sit down, and read : 'tis the Sabbath-
day !”

“In that fell loveless time,” you said,
“Two comrades saved me from despair :—
Great Bunyan's tale, and—as I read—
My Mother's sweet face blending there.

“Dear Great-heart Bunyan, ‘tinker’ named
By Caste, but the Child's Seer crowned
by God,
By countless gladsome souls acclaimed
Their shield from a dour Creed's threat
and rod !—

“Refracting the hard cold beam of Truth
To wondrous tints in Fancy's prism,
The rivers and birds and a Heaven of
ruth,
Not the Hebrew Kings and the Cate-
chism !—

“ And, beyond, lay the meadows of lilies
sweet,
And the river of singing with fruit-trees
fair,
And hills with the orchards at their feet,
And paths for heroes to climb and dare !

“ My soul would have died except for thee—
In that blank and pitiless atmosphere—
And the Christ-tales, read too scantily
In the bare cold Church on the Sabbaths
drear.

“ So I read again till I fell asleep,
By the smouldering peat and the four
bare walls ;
And I dreamt myself 'mid the chasms so
deep,
And the clanking chains and the dark
pitfalls !

“ And Apollyon strode across the way ;
But the vision changed : I was knocking
now
At a gate far fairer than the day,
Where an Angel stood with crown on
brow.

“ And the great gate oped : through the
glory riven
I saw one beauteous yearning face ;

‘My Mother!’—I cried : then the clouds
were driven
O’er the glow, and my dream had changed
its place.

“A hard door clashed : by a dull peat fire
I was sitting now, ’mid four bare walls ;
And, lo, in his chair my lank grandsire !
How the sight even now my heart
appals !—

“With his hard dry cough, as he cleared his
throat ;
Cross-legged he sat, as he peered to see,
While his hooked fore-finger traced the
‘Note’
Of ‘Matthew Henry’ on his knee.

“‘Yes, this is Heaven!’—he answered sharp
To my blank appeal,—‘but to wave the
paulm
Ye’re no’ yet fit, nor to twang the harp ;
Sit still ! let us sing the Second Psaulm !’

“‘Dear God,’ I cried, ‘that I might go
From out this Heaven, and find some
place
Where I could work and search and *know*,
And see again my Mother’s face !

“ ‘ That I might strive with my earnest
hands,
And help some people poor and lost,
And reach some wider, freer lands
Where hills are climbed and seas are
crost ;

“ ‘ And where the toil of back and knee
And eye, through eager nights and days,
Might seem God’s noblest litany,
Received by Thee for prayer and praise ;

“ ‘ And find the secret of the Sun,
And of the stars, and the shining sky ;
And why, when God loves every one,
Christ and my Mother had to die :

“ ‘ And why young Kate for her trust in
Ned,
Was banned from home, “ outside the
pale,”
Deserted,—her wee baby dead,—
They hanged her at the dreadful gaol !

“ ‘ She used to lift and to carry me
Across the brook, with a laugh and a
song,
And I promised, “ Kate, I’ll marry thee—
When I am a man and rich and strong ! ”

“ ‘ Oh, I see her white feet flash in the stream,
And her bright face glow with an angel’s
joy ;
Perhaps, dear God, *that* too is a dream,
For the pain’s too sore for a lonesome
boy !

“ ‘ But the fountains leap and the rivers sing,
And I know, by the fields and the sky
and the sun,
By the Autumn corn and the joy of Spring,
That God means good to every one ! ’

“ And then I awoke : God’s silent hand
Had widened the Earth and the sky and
air ;
And I was an orphan alone in the land,
And *he* sat *dead*, in his straight-backed
chair ! ”

.
’Twas a daring thing in the village small
To speak those voices of the soul,
Of the one, and the many, and the All,
Of the eyes that search, and the stars
that roll !

And you paid your price : and you went
your way :
And you feared no man : and you
cursed no foe :

'Twas prize enough, at the close of day,
Your wife's glad face, and her eyes
aglow!—

And the primal Eden-curse made sweet,
The tragic, thorny, weird Life-plan,—
Woman's and God's love grown complete
In the sorrow and quest and toil of
Man!

.

So I stood by your grave : and my heart
cried out—

But no answer came from near or far—
“O Sam, could you speak and solve the
doubt,
And tell what you do, and where you
are !”

SONNETS.

TO DEAD GLADSTONE.

TRIBUNE of Peoples! Lover of God and
Right :
Champion of Man and Freedom! Slow but
strong
Was thy recoil from vested Force and
Wrong
To lead the battle of the Sons of Light !
“ A State should have a Conscience ! ” ¹—
Broods of Night
And War and Darkness scattered at that
word :
Greed's woven mesh was cleft as with a
sword
Held in young Michael's grasping. Up the
height
The New Day broadened far by land and sea.
Thy spell was cast on dreary dull finance
Forging it to an arm for Liberty,
For Life's sweet uses and for Toil's romance.
The Slav, Armenia, Erin weep for thee :
Thou pulsest in the heart of new-born Italy!

¹ “ Mr. Gladstone has said the State *ought* to have a conscience, but it has not a conscience.”—John Henry Newman.—See John Morley's *Life of Gladstone*.

THREE ENGLISH POETS.

(WORDSWORTH : SHELLEY : BROWNING.)

I READ three poems in one changeful night—
 From Wordsworth, Shelley, and brusque
 Browning. Then
 My heart had ampler faith and hope for
 men
 And God and all things. Large, serene, and
 bright,
 Through radiant noontide glow and sweet
 starlight,
 O'er mountain-mist and brook and tuneful
 glen
 God's heavens were arched in tranquil
 Wordsworth's ken.
 Then, through waste lands and up the
 splintered height,
 There rang, arraigning thrones and
 Heaven above,
 A plea that gathered all the ills of Earth
 Into three Titan cries : — " Truth :
 Freedom : Love ! " ¹
 O Shelley, list this Seer of mightier birth—
 O'er " Fire-side ", " Morgue ", Death's
 " Fog ", a jubilant voice :
 " The Power and Love are one : Fight on !
 Rejoice ! "

¹ Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus Unbound*, etc.

"TENNYSON'S DEAD!"

(New York, U.S.A., October 6, 1892.)

IN the great city by the Western sea
"Tennyson's dead!"—they whisper: the
Voice stilled
That all men's ears and souls and hopings
thrilled
With weird Thought-music: Dream of days
to be
Greater than days that were: new Chivalry
Lust'ring men's toil, till common hands
are filled
With kingly deeds, and Life's dull ridges
tilled
By hearts that ken Man's immortality!
On the wide sea-way "Gleams" the setting
sun:
A hush falls on the city like a sigh
Conscious a rare and splendid day is
done.
And, out beyond, turns Homeward—far and
high—
Methinks, the Voice that called us on and
on,
"Like the last echo born of a great cry."

AT TENNYSON'S GRAVE.

(Westminster Abbey, London, Nov. 16, 1892.)

ALL round is Silence! And a withering
wreath
Lies on the marble o'er his breast: and
mute,
Quiet from massy brain to nerveless
foot,
Rests England's last great Seer this stone
beneath:
Beside him Browning, erst so gay and strong!
Well-done!—in England's inmost heart to
lay
Two English hearts that made her, day by
day,
More splendid in her deathless dower of song.
Poor Poet's Corner!—not to hold in
trust,
With mournful pride and high solemnity,
Our Shakspeare's, Milton's, Wordsworth's,
Shelley's dust!
But here we guard—through all the years
to be—
Shakspeare's twin sons. The bays that
bound their brow
Shall not be worn by any mightier now!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Soul of the soul of Woman, brow of Man,
And heart's blood of the Cross were blent
in thee !

The spirit of all moods of land and sea
Breathed in thy being. Sappho's passion ran
Quick in thy veins, but virgin-vowed to
Christ,

Pale with Prayer's vigil and the kiss of Pain
Till Man's love kissed thy lips red-ripe
again.

O Poet-lover, that strong kiss sufficed,
And stamped thee Prophet on the mouth
and brow,

With ampler tidings for the great World's
strife !

For child, for woman, for crushed Peoples
now

Thy wild Pan-pipe, with passionate pleadings
rife,

Thrilled through the Nations. Thy frail
strength has won

Fights knightlier far than bow of Amazon.

ACHONRY.¹

(THE LEGEND OF ERIN'S HOPE.)

I

THE mood of the Springtime subtly crept,
With a thrill of hope and a sob hard by,
Through aisles where the dust of a People
slept
In the ruined abbey of Achonry.

O, where is it gone, the Voice once flung
In a mystic chime to the wild west sky?
O angel-chaunt from the bell that swung
In the silvern turret of Achonry!

For the "curse of Cromwell" mazed the land,
And Erin's rose-red lips grew pale,
Her Hearth-stone cold and her altar banned,
And the heart-song silent in Innisfail.

¹ Pronounced *Ach-ŏn-rŷe* (*Ath-ĕn-righ*), with heavy emphasis on the last syllable. See Notes.

Her sons from the plague-smit caitiff ship
Were flung to the shark and the hungry
wave ;
Or high hearts broke 'neath the planter's whip,
Too proud to beid to the yoke of the slave.

And across the Shannon broad and fleet,
And behind the Corrib deep and strong
They were penned, the gallant and fair and
sweet,
By the cant of Fraud and the rage of
Wrong.

Ah, wild west-mountains bleak and drear,
O sea, ye have thrilled to the moan of the
fate
Of a Nation's anguish and shame and fear,
Her fanes and her homesteads desolate !

II

But there passed and sang a secret word,
Like an angel's call to the tingling sky,
Through the last weird prophet-voice that
stirred
From the fateful bell of Achonry.

And from Kilconnel, far and fleet,
Like the haunting horns of Faërie,
The great bell answered, trancing sweet,
In a wild and a wondrous melodie.

And it said,—and its tones were deep and clear
In the hearts of the wise, though they knelt
and wept,—
(The pass-word of God through the dark and
fear
Till clouds from the heavens of hope are
swept) :—

“Bide ye and wait ! ’Tis but for a time :
And again, ’mid the Nations’ freedom-
cry,
To the Earth and the Heaven shall pulse
the chime
Of the lyric bell of Achonry !

“O, bide ye silent : let this word keep
Its vigil mute in the hearts of men :
Let it wake alone in the Vision-sleep
That trances the Seer and the Bard, till
then !

“Till then, through the fields and the wood-
aisles dim,
Shall sound no song-bird’s joyance-cry ;
But wait for the throb of the mystic hymn,
And the clang of the bell of Achonry !

“Nor throstle, with blithe twin-cadenced
note,
Shall the brake and the wold with rapture
fill,

Nor lark's wild joy to glad heavens float,
God's lyric thought made audible.

"But over the boglands dark and lone,
And the moor-sedge rustling harsh and
dry,
The weeping wind shall make its moan
Through the pewit's plaint and the curlew's
cry.

'And the merle's gold flute no more shall
thrill
The thicket at flight of the winter drear,
Nor the linnet pipe,—'Come up: to the
hill:
To the gorse: to the heights: for the
Spring is near!'"

White hands that night, a veiled throng,
Fared forth with the hushed bell fleet and
far;
'Tis hid where is vigil wise and strong
And the eyes of God's great angels are.

And its tongue is mute till the same white
hands
Shall bear it back to the turret high,
And the cheer of the free shall call to the
lands
When the bell clangs loud in Achonry.

And from Kilconnel's tranced tower,
Like the glad doom-horns of Faërie,
The bell shall chime with answering power
In a wild and a witching melodie.

And the lark shall carol the joy of his breast
Again to the Heaven glad and clear ;
And the red-heart robin shall twine the nest
To the rose, and chaunt to the opening year.

III

So the legend ran : and our young hearts
pressed,
In the prayerless haste of the newer day,
O'er hillocks where older hearts had rest
And man and man's art mouldering lay,—

The shattered pillar and sundered bone—
God's traceried purpose carved in Man :
The vacant west-wind made its moan
Through the window's void and the cloister's span.

And the silent Dead kept watch and ward :
Their dumb protest, more keen than a sword,
Cut at our hearts : it said,—“ We guard
This People's rest till the doom of the Lord.”

Nigh the great altar, all alone,
In a chapel open to the East,
'Mid bramble and wreck of fluted stone
I stood, sole postulant and priest.

Above me were the lone gray skies,
Around me, loner and sadder far,
Wreck of the beauty which all men prize,
By clash of Creed and fury of War.

Then, from a maze of the tangled brier,
A song-bird sprang from a secret nest,
And her lord fared forth with chattering ire,
The rage in his eye and the red on his
breast.

'O dear red rose, art thou come ere June
To the blighted lands and the ruined
shrine?'—
Sang my heart: but the echo, "Too soon,
too soon!"
Pealed faint in the East,—faint, far, and
fine.

In a weft of the bramble's woven strife,
Lo, a white skull lay, and was locked in
rest;
In its hollow depth, Death guarding Life,
The red-heart robin had built her nest.

‘O, ye five shell-dots, more rare than pearl,
Weird as all Life and strange as Death,
Kin to all Suns’ electric swirl
Love’s sigh and travail’s shuddering
breath!—

‘The gold gleams bright, and the diamonds
shine,
The eyes of a maiden are fairy to see ;
But, ye life-gems quaint in a quainter shrine,
Ye have won the wondering heart of me :

‘For ye globe the tale of all the years,
Life’s new surprise in the grim old skull!’—
My heart brake forth in a rain of tears,
Of hope and sorrow and joy too full.

Then, by the bramble’s screen half-hid,
Where the massy trend of the wall made
room,
Worn by wild winter-winds unchid,
I scanned the scroll of a sculptured tomb.

And its Latin ¹ quaint, like a sword, was strong
Its ancient challenge of wrath to fling
’Gainst Force and Fraud, down the vexed
throng
Of the years of a People’s suffering :

¹ “*Malo mori quam foedari*”—“Death sooner than Dishonour!”
See Notes.

“LORD BARON BARNEWALL, TWELFTH OF THE
NAME,
WHOM CROMWELL’S TYRANT CURSE DID
BAN
BEYOND THE SHANNON TO SCATH AND SHAME
FOR ERIN’S LOVE AND THE RIGHT OF MAN!
(DEATH HOLDS HIS DUST IN A NARROW SPAN!
HIS SPIRIT HOLD?—DEATH NEVER CAN!)”

But an alien hand had shattered the stone
In a vandal rage : of its massy weight
The great-browed skull had fallen alone,
By the brier upborne in tragic state
That it might not lie too desolate.

O, where the fiery brain had been,
The daring will and the schemes of strife,
The red-heart robin had ventured in,—
New hopes o’ the years, new plans for life !

And mine ear, in the secret, seemed to catch
Some faint sweet tone, from a distant sky,
Of the bell which God’s great angels watch
And shall fetch some night to Achonry !

So I smoothed the brier, and turned away :
The robin I saw flit back to her nest,
And the brood shall flutter forth some day,
New song in the throat and new red on the
breast.

O quivering Life, that shall leap all young
From the maw of the skull and the crypt
of death,
'Tis the song by all the Poets sung,
And the hope that every Prophet saith !

And for thee the Peoples wondering wait
Through all the war-scathed blighted lands ;
At times, with a yearning passionate,
They smite for thee with their fettered
hands.

The sun is hid, but the East has a gleam,
Like Merlin's gleam on a mystic sea ;
I hear a three-fold word, in a dream—
LIFE'S LABOUR : *and* LOVE : *and the*
PEOPLES FREE !

For the cities are sick with the rich man's
lust,
And the fever-breath of the sodden poor,
And girlhood sold for the golden dust,
And Truth's voice drowned in the Bourse's
roar.

And the broad lands, held in the clutch of the
few,
Grow barren of hamlet and human voice
And the hum of homes, and the toiler's thew,
Which bade the populous earth rejoice.

And the priests chant loud to Beëlzebul,
The Hell-god, bending knee and soul.
Ah, outside the gate called "Beautiful,"
Man crippled, and none to make him whole!

And the gambler Mammon is keeping his
tryst
With Force at the shrine by altar and rood,
And lifts in laud to the thorn-crowned Christ
Foul hands soaked red in the Nations'
blood.

IV

But I thought again of the unfledged life
'Neath the mother-heart in the skull-girt
nest,
'Mid the ruin wrought by an ancient strife
Where the dust of a People sleeps in rest :

And my wrath was hushed : for I heard once
more,
Though faint as yet, the voice of the Spring,
And linnets pipe,—“Come up from the
shore !”
And the wren and the mavis began to sing.

O yes, be sure it shall come again,
O'er the seas, through the heavens pulsing
high,

Through the longing lands, through the
thoughts of men,
The throb of the bell of Achonry !

And from Kilconnel, far and fleet,
Like the weird doom-horns of Faërie,
The chime shall answer, trancing sweet,
In a wild and a wondrous melodie.

And the throstle's call again shall thrill
The thicket at flight of the winter drear,
And the linnet pipe : " Come up : to the hill :
To the gorse : to the heights : the Spring
is near ! "

O Love, through the fields and the wood-
aisles dim
Shall sound once more the joyance cry :
But wait for the note of the mystic hymn
When the bell shall be pealing in Achonry !

ROBERT BURNS AND MISTER PIERPONT MORGAN.¹

“BURNS’S MANUSCRIPTS—Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the American Financier, has purchased Lord Rosebery’s Collection of Robert Burns’s manuscripts for 50,000 dollars. Among them is the MS. of ‘Auld Lang Syne.’”—London Cablegram in Australian Newspapers, Thursday, March 8, 1906.

“BURNS’S MANUSCRIPTS—The statement was incorrect. The MSS. bought by Mr. Pierpont Morgan (which were said to include that of ‘Auld Lang Syne’) were not those owned by Lord Rosebery.”—London Cablegram, ditto, March 9, 1906.

O, HEARD ye, brither Scots, the “clash”
How Yankee dollar-payment
Has bought the wale o’ script an’ hash
O’ Burns’s cast-off raiment?

’Mang twirls o’ Fortune’s wheel, sae queer,
Its antics, frisks, and capers,
Sure, *this* is drollest : gamblin’ gear
Has filched Rab Burns’s papers!—

¹ Inscribed, with all true regard and loyal affection, to the circle of literary and loving friends at “Sunnyside”, Hollywood, and “Doon”, Cultra, Co. Down, Erin, to whom this poem was first read, in September 1906.

The leaf still blotted wi' his tears,
The strong heart's outpoured passion,
The wit that woke the slumbering years,
The scorn o' wealth an' fashion.

Man, when they bought my England's ships
I felt a sudden scunner ;
But to filch Burns's manuscript
Might mak' the auld Deil winner !

Their bribe got back a word o' scorn,
Voiced in deep-throated German :—
“ Wilt buy the crib where Christ was born,
Filch Calvary or Hermon ?

“ Wilt bribe the light from Heaven on high
With pelf of Wall Street miser ? ”
So spake, the flame in his clear eye,
The frank-voiced, steel-girt Kaiser.

Were there nae rantin' lads o' Doon
Wad tak' some tar-an'-feather,
An' hunt the Yankee gamblin' loon
Far frae the Scottish heather ?

O Poet of the Dawn,—that sent
The world's young heart a leaping
When Cant and drowsy Sentiment
Had numbed its soul to sleeping,—

BURNS AND PIERPONT MORGAN 155

Thy finger-prints on stop and key
Of Love's weird lyric organ,
O Rab, are sairly gaen aglee,
Gear-grabbed by Pierpont Morgan !

But, O, the organ, and the soul
That woke for Man its rapture,
What gear could count *its* worth on scroll,
What gold its voice could capture?—

The "*vox humana*" in its sigh,
With song of wild birds' chaunting,
The lone waif's broken-hearted cry,
All deeps of Memory haunting :

The pause of Nature's rhythmic pain
Athwart the gladder singing ;
The discords, like the storm-swept main,
Some fuller concord bringing :

The anger of the wintry blast
Out on the moorland dreary,
Wailings through eldritch shadows cast
From crag and turret eerie :

The lark's blithe carol in the blue
Above the mountain daisy :
The "auld brig's" moan, as jut and threw
Strain in the snow-flood "crazy" :

The warlock-skirl o' midnight dance
That startled Tam o' Shanter,
The clang of hooves, the stride and prance
Of Maggie's quickening canter :

The warbling wild of "Old Dundee"
The cottar's worship voicing ;
The "Jolly Beggars'" ranting glee,
Wild fiddling and rejoicing ;

The crackling nuts o' Hallowe'en,
The tankard's jovial clatter ;
The wimpling hum, through shade and
sheen,
Of Doon or Afton water :

The Autumn winds that wail and rave
Above the stook and stibble,
While their bit morsel in the "thrive"
The cozy wee mice nibble :

The "Auld Lang Syne" of Joy or Pain
When hand clasps hand in greeting,
Or heart-storm bursting into rain
In Love's last anguished meeting.

Oh, all the wild winds played on thee !
The voice of bird and river,
The outcast's moan, the sough of tree
Through *thee* sound on for ever.

O Burns, among the deathless four,
 In deathless chaunt of Browning,¹
 Who march fair Freedom's van before
 Toward the free Peoples' crowning,

Or watch from their prophetic urns
 The far light Earthward streaming,—
 The "Shakspere, Milton, Shelley, Burns,"—
 It dawns, what *thou* wast dreaming !

The great young poets at thy grave²
 Wept in their love and sorrow ;
 From thine electric force the "lave"
 Their flame and glamour borrow.

Why should this coof, wi' a' his gear,
 Wrung from his railroad jobbing,
 Finger those leaves, now dead and sere,
 Where once Rab's heart was sobbing ?

"O Rab, ye asked for bread, an' *there*
 They gie a stane above ye,
 An' mak' pretence o' feckless prayer
 An' din, to ape they love ye !"

So spake the mother heart, that knew
 His sin, which on the morrow
 Its shame would write in heart's blood, rue
 Its wrong in deathless sorrow !

¹ Cf. *The Lost Leader*.

² Wordsworth, Tennyson, etc.

O bard of all Earth's toiling poor,
That braved jade "Fortune's cummock,"
And earned the scanty meal wi' dour
"Proud independent stomach,"

This page wi' tears o' shame grows damp,
"Guid faith, I mauna fa' that!"
"The rank," he sang, "'s the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!"

He flung his daunting words o' scorn
At birkie, coof, an' a' that;
"We daur be poor," as we were born,
God's "royal blue," an' a' that.

O shame, the words his pen inscribed,—
'Twould rouse a pagan's choler,—
From Scotland's gouty hands are bribed
By the Almighty Dollar!

O dead, dry ink, and rusty pen,
O gear-bought, crumpled pages,
His *song* shall stir the hearts of men,
Unbought, down all the ages!

O lover of the flower and bird,
Man's toil thy deathless story,
The heart of poor and peer is stirred
By thy strange song and glory!

.
And, mark ye, Scotland's brilliant son
Holds Rab's *main* script in keeping,
And plants a "primrose" on the dun
Where his lone heart is sleeping !



VII

BACK IN FAR LANDS.

"Where we will sit and talk of time and change,
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged."

SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*.

"O thou, if life shall be spared me,
Thou shalt be hung, my pipe, far off on some dying old (gum)-tree!"¹

(From Professor David Masson's Translation of Milton's
Latin poem, *Epitaphium Damonis*, written, after his
return from his tour in Italy, in memory of his friend,
Charles Diodati :

"O mihi tum si vita supersit
Tu procul annosa pendebis, fistula, *pinu* !")

¹ Masson, of course, says "*pine-tree*."

A MEMORY.

WHY did it flash at the window there,
In the light and shade of the sunset glow,
The gleam of the face and the glint of the
hair
As they flashed on me years and years ago?

It mattered not for the wind or rain,
We were young, just then, as I passed in
the street ;
Loyal each eve at the window-pane
The gleam and the glancē my gaze would
meet.

The face then paled, and at eve was gone ;
Dark as I passed was the window-pane :
Oh, if *that* face at the window shone
'Twould matter naught were it wind or
rain !

AUSTRALIA.

January 1, 1901. May 9, 1901.

SHE rose amid the Nations, tall and fair,
The wide South seas kissed at her garment
hem,
Lights of new heavens gleamed in her lustrous
hair,
Freedom her diadem !

And on her bosom, Time's glad prophecy,
Six stars that into one rich radiance ran,
Her Urim and her Thummim of the free
Young Commonwealth of Man :

And in her raiment, curiously inwrought,
Opal and sapphire, gems of price untold,
Pearl from far wave, and, through deep mine-
shaft sought,
The shimmering glow of gold :

And magic colours blent of range and dell
And pasture where the sportive lambs may
bleat,

And subtlest tints—no poet's tongue can tell—
From sun-kissed fields of wheat.

Too confident of beauty to be proud,
Too satisfied and young to doubt or pray,
Her open glance and buoyant will unbowed
Fronted the broadening day.

Her face uplifted and her brave bold eyes
Gazed on into the future unafraid,—
No mystic depths of reverence, awe, surprise,
No Past to make dismayed !

No martyr-moan from pyre or battle-plain
Had seamed that beauty, frank and debonair,
No sobbings from Gethsemanes of pain,
No midnights of despair—

Changed into morns of triumph, when the day
Saw men like gods, but featured homelier
far,
As, in the pass, by mazed Thermopylae
Or glorious Trafalgar.

And, all-accustomed to her wide-wayed sea
And amplest spaces and unhindered room,
She faltered not to meet her destiny
Nor reck'd of gathering Doom.

But at her girdle hung an opening scroll,
On whose white virgin folds might yet be
writ
Tales of high deeds, transcending utmost goal
Of Man's prophetic wit.

And at her feet the Ocean yearned away
To East and North, and Southward with-
out bound,
And Westward where the sequent Night and
Day
Circled the great world round.

BY AN AUSTRAL RIVER : AUSTRALIA'S PROPHECY.

AN ANGLER'S REVERIE.

(By the Oréti, at the junction of "The Five Rivers,"
Southland, N.Z.)

(Inscribed to that deft angler, my trusty comrade "Mac," and to the rest of the noble "Brotherhood of Australian Anglers", who, summer by summer, ever since 1886, have cast line on the waters of Maoriland streams, and whose names and exploits cling to many a "run", and gorge, and "glide" of Otago and Southland rivers. Some sleep in God; but their memories live and dwell with men.)

I

THE line whirs inward on the reel,
The swift net dips, and—soh !—
Flash of brave trout within the creel,
With silvern fire aglow !

Two-pounder?—" Yes, and 'neath it lies
A 'three,' a 'two,' a 'four' ;

None such 'neath Erin's wistful skies,
By Scottish stream or shore !

"None such where Welsh or English burn
Purls to the plain below !"
Ah, fool !—to measure thus or spurn
That great, lost Long-ago—

When hope was Heaven within the soul,
Life sphered in fairer sky
Than e'er was writ on Poet scroll
Or limned to Painter's eye :

When there were dancings of the heart,
By morn or evening shade,
Beyond all witchery of Art
Or grace of elfin glade !

We did not question of the years,
Nor flinch for thought of pain ;
We dared the crags, nor paused for fears,
And deemed the woundings gain.

II

Look, all around strange hills are tost,
Proud range-peaks, soaring high,
Point to their kindred dimmed and lost
In a far alien sky !

I cast me on the shingle hard—
 Our trysting nook is here—
 Piled floodwise,—boulder, flax-root, shard,—
 From uplands far and near :

The strength of mountains wrecked and worn,
 Gneiss, granite, porphyry,
 The grace of glad vales all upturn,
 The moraine's wild débris.

The river hurries in and out
 Where, last year, bloomed the mead ;
 Where white sheep browsed the silvery trout
 His glittering path doth speed.

The swaying *tui* flits, and sips
 The nectar's secret hold,
 Where the *korari*¹ floodward dips
 Its flame of crimsoning gold.

And past me, in his joy elate,
 Nerved by his alpine snows,
 Unheeding Man's too transient fate,
 The swift Oréti flows.

Above me, in the heavens the lark
 Thrills with his song the blue ;
 And o'er the tree-tops hark, O, hark
 The hum of bees I knew !

¹ Pronounced *Ko-ráh-ree*.

O, the sweet murmurous hum they made,
All round my boyhood's door,
O'erhead in the green opulent shade
Of beech and sycamore !

On new strange flowers they now can flit
With the same drowsy voice ;
No pang of memory, exquisite,
Haunts *them* as they rejoice.

The triumph of the lark's glad throat
Is jubilant and clear
As when it mocked the thrush's note
In my young raptured ear.

III

Where shall you seek, o'er all the Earth,
A land more fair of face,—
Featured with lines of sovran birth
And regnancy of grace ?

Ho, glaciers scooped the alpine steeps
Where now the great lakes lie,
Unmoved in all their sullen deeps
Even when the storms go by !

Far Northward, fronting Day's surprise,
O'er fiord and western sea
Lifts her fair challenge to pure skies
Beauty's white majesty.

Great Earnslaw on his gleaming throne
 His giant vigil keeps ;
 Weird Wakatipu, stern and lone,
 Locked in grim silence sleeps.

IV

O Waiau,—'mid whose billowy pride
 The lithe trout, fierce and fleet,
 Sprang sea-ward where the cresting tide
 Broke foaming round our feet,—

How oft in thy clear hastening wave
 Man's nerve and craft and might
 Were challenged in the conflict brave,
 That wild and rapturous fight !

And singing reel and river's chaunt
 And sounding of the sea
 Blent into mystic tones which haunt
 All shores of Memory !

Deep in thy crystal wayward stream,
 Methought, I oft could trace
 The witching smile, the radiant gleam
 Of Manapouri's face.

And through thy waters' tireless sweep
 There seemed again to start,
 Impatient, the strong throb and leap
 Of great Te Anau's heart !

v

Ah, have you seen Aoranghi rise,
His white cloud-robcs unrolled,
And lift his prayer to sapphire skies
Gleamed through with pearl and gold,

And Tasman's river, strong and fleet,
Through timeless nights and days,
Chaunting for ever at his feet
The thunder of his praise ?

Oh, in the splendour and the light,—
The strength, the grace, the gleam,—
Heaven's gate seems lifting clear in sight,
And God's face not a dream !

In that white world without a stain
I saw the new Day break,
And then gaze, spell-bound, once again
On peak and sleeping lake.

I heard the avalanche crashing by ;
And, while my heart stood still,
The glad wild tumult of reply
Pulsed back from fiord and hill.

Then, in the still voice Silence brings
When storms cease, soft and low
I heard God's secret whisperings
Fall round me on the snow.

And never more, by eve or morn
 Where Beauty is arrayed,
 Shall you count Dom and Matterhorn
 The fairest God has made !

VI

Oh, I am proud of these young lands
 And of their nascent hope,
 Their thews with sun-smit Southern sands
 And wind-swept seas that cope,—

Sending to Homelands o'er the main
 The battle-spoils of Peace,
 From grassy range and wide-spaced plain
 The wealth of food and fleece,—

And sift from out the boulder-waste
 The subtly-gleaming gold,
 With finer chivalry than graced
 Those armoured knights of old !

VII

And I am proud with gladdest pride
 Of that Isle-continent
 Whose flag,—whatever may betide,—
 New-wove, six-starred, is blent

With mystic shades and shimmering lights
Of Time's new prophecy,
Of splendid days and darksome nights
And vaster things to be :

Clean soul, frank face, bold brotherhood,
Free-born to social health,
Nerved to high aims of Common good,
One large-browed Commonwealth !—

Sunned by the Tropics' rich desire,
Braced by the stringent South,
Unbaffled by all hells of fire,
Unspent by withering drouth :

Piercing the deep rock's central core
Where subtlest quartz-veins hide,
Or fusing to unsullied ore
The shimmering telluride.

O, brave young brothers, falter not
Nor—heart and hand—forget
The first bold comers' toilsome lot,
The road-marks *they* have set,—

Through tangled wood, down gully-bank,
And up the weird defile,
O'er blistered sand-waste dumb and blank,
The endless mile on mile !

Some fell outwearied by the way,
 Some perished on the track ;
 But never one, by night or day,
 Was daunted or turned back !

Their signals yet, pathetic clear,
 Point *on*—the upward road—
 Where knee might halt, or heart might fear
 To shoulder Duty's load :—

The old mine's broken shafts and sherds,
 The graves where pioneers sleep,
 The lowing now of countless herds,
 The bleat of white-fleeced sheep :

The plod of winding oxen-team,
 The laden ore and bale,
 The horse-hoof's gallop—gleam and gleam—
 Through mountain-range and vale.

Sleep, Nation-builders, in the dell
 At grateful set o' sun !—
 Your bairns the task shall finish well
 So gallantly begun.

VIII

Brothers, O, 'tis a spacious land !—
 The seas all round are wide,
 By skies of wondrous beauty spanned :
 Win forward, and abide,—

(Not recking what despairs may hap,
Who flounder or succeed ;
So faced your sires Life's danger-gap,
So fares their younger breed)—

Through purple ranges,—isles adrift
In tremulous tides of light,
Wide deeps of blue that melt and lift
To strange star-depths by night,—

Finding new paths of fruitful toil
For procreant industry ;
The farmer on his own free soil,
The trader on the sea :

The rain, God's father-gift to Earth,
Sent vein-like here and there ;—
A worthier worship than, in dearth,
The plaint of slothful prayer !—

The hum of keen-lipped "harvester"
Through the ripe yellow corn,
While, overhead, the lark doth stir
To praise the ripening morn :

The stock-whip's resonant swing and snap,
The rush of man and steed
That steadies down the mountain-gap
The cattle's wild stampede :

The ring of axe on forest height,
 The pause, then—far and wide—
 The shuddering crash of messmate's might
 Rocking the mountain-side :

The straight road trending north and north
 Till far ridge blends with sky,
 The steel rails pushing forth and forth
 Drawing lone hamlets nigh.

IX

Break ye the grip the greedy few
 Fix on the broadening lands !
 Plant there the People—thrift and thew,
 A Nation's hearts and hands !—

By creek and dell, where wild things roam,
 By range and mountain jut,
 The kindly reek of hearth and home,
 Or lone Selector's hut :

The thrift of mine and loom and mart,
 The prize to him that *can*,
 Wise Nature testing limb and heart
 In wrestling-grip with Man :

The enginery of Nations bent
 No more to rend and slay :—
 Man's force with Man's sweet reason blent
 In Love's diviner day.

X

O, spare the wooded breadths that break
The withering North wind's breath !
A land of dwindling brook and lake
Were but a land of Death.

Vain all your prate of host and fleet
And wide seas' girdling ring
Without the song of streamlet sweet
And chaunt of mountain spring !

XI

O lustrous poppet-heads, more brave
Than Creçy's bow and sword,
O dauntless shaft the toilers drave
To Mammon's rock-ribbed hoard !—

Man grappling with Titanic powers,
Comrade for comrade's life,
The toil through long, slow, hideous hours,
Man's thews with Doom at strife !

O Love, that does not quail or tire
'Mid Peril's supreme cry,
Through the dread rush of flood and fire
Man still can strive and die :—

To build a Nation strong and clean
 By wide-wayed Southern seas,
 And fling our new Flag's starry sheen
 To every tradeward breeze :

Undaunted by what dooms may fall,
 Unscared by boding Fate,
 But hearing one clear rallying-call,
One Folk, one blood, one State !

One Folk of Shakspeare's sovran speech,
 Of Erin's mystic art,
 Of Newton's ken through worlds to reach,
 Of Burns's red-ripe heart !—

One Folk, with Hampden's dauntless "No!"
 Flung free 'gainst tyrant's might,
 One trust in Heaven for Man below,
 Unlost through mirkest night :—

Proud of the great dear Motherland,
 Her flag on every sea ;
 But claiming our own destined stand,
 Self-poised, unhindered, free !

XII

Yet in these wide Pacific seas
 We fare not forth alone ;
 Young Freedom, nursed on Britain's knees,
 To radiant stature grown,

Dips now her wave-lined shimmering flag¹
And hails us from afar ;
And there gleams back from wharf and crag
Our answering Cross-and-Star.

Glad common memories we will trace
Of deeds by field and flood,
Of kinship writ in soul and face—
White face and red heart's blood :

Two lands indissolubly bound
In bonds of Love and fate,
While Traffic sweeps the wide seas round
Through Panama's sea-gate.

XIII

So I am proud of this young land
And of her strength and grace,
As the swift stream o'er golden sand
Speeds past in heedless race.

¹ The United States Atlantic Fleet, in response to Australasia's invitation, entered the Harbour of Auckland, N.Z., on August 9, 1908 ; that of Sydney, Australia, on August 20 ; and that of Melbourne, Australia, on August 29, 1908, in each case amid the enthusiastic welcome of the Australasian people. This striking testimony to the growth of International and racial Brotherhood was, Mr. Alfred Deakin declares, effected largely through the wise statesmanship of the Right Hon. James Bryce (now Viscount Bryce), recently the British Ambassador at Washington. [The above was written when it could not have been dreamed that the Congress of the great English-speaking Republic,—by the Panama Act, endorsed, alas, by her President Taft,—would violate the principle of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and the spirit of International honour. But I have hope that a scheme which her own noblest citizens and journalists have indignantly denounced as "a shameful breach of faith" will be ultimately rejected by the American people.]

BY AN AUSTRAL RIVER 181

Mine eye doth catch the light and shade
Glint on yon "Middle Dome":
O, how I thrilled to watch Knocklayd
Gleam from my father's home!—

Above it floated the soft cloud
Borne in from wistful seas,
The radiant beauty flushed and bowed
Clasped by the lingering breeze:

I see the fillet on its brow
Gleam clear in morning light,
Wondrous in boyhood's dream and vow
Its bulk and soaring height!

"How tall was it?"—Ah, you will smile,
Or fling back words of scorn,
When you have measured, perch and mile,
Mount Cook and Matterhorn,

Or seen lone Shasta soaring white
Through Autumn's golden glow,
Or fair Tacoma's bannered light
Blaze o'er the bastioned snow!

But Shakspeare answered long ago,
When Jaques' quaint wit and art
Would question true Love's stature so,
"As high just as my heart!"

Ay, measure, chain and link, its height !
O, *you* have never seen
Its glow by morn and evening light
Through Memory's glamour-sheen !

O, never with rapt ear and face,
By toiler's bench or desk,
Have you heard singing at its base
The swift clear-waved Glenshesk :

Nor have your young feet ever danced
Down sweet Glen Errigle ;
Your vision never watched entranced
The beauty of its dell !

XIV

Yet I am proud of these young lands,
Sphered in their own fair sky :
Look how yon maiden eager stands,
The love-light in her eye !

List to her song now rippling sweet,
Timed to the rippling stream !
For her too, while the young days fleet,
Abides the old Day-dream.

And, yonder, stout-limbed Austral bairns
Shout joyous at their play :
Round that rude hut each young thought
yearns,
New memories cling and stay.

But, O, the heart's a kittle thing,
And Tory, to the last,
Of tones that sound and lips that sing
Out of the lyric Past!—

The grasping of a brother's hand,
A sister's eyes of light,
A now dead father's mute command,
A mother's fond "Good-night!"—

And something dearer far than all
The names I breathe to men,
The lips in Memory call and call
But do not come again.

You cannot build such mystic towers
With all your heaped-up gold,
Nor find such wondrous starry flowers
In garden now or wold.

No river over all the Earth
Can sing through weal or woe
Such music as, in dole and mirth,
Sang my sweet Aghavoe.

It ran beside my father's meads,
It leapt from wood to dell,
It danced through sheen of pulsing reeds
With rapture none can tell.

No hooked trout made such gallant fight,
Such skill and craft could show,
As the brave trout that leapt to light
In that clear Aghavoe.

“Of what weight was that wondrous
trout ?”—

Ah, sceptic, who can tell ?—
Heart-measure scorns all finding out
By scale and inch and ell.

For Life was then in golden lands
Where heart and hope were young,
And harps thrilled song, from unseen hands,
Such as no bards have sung :

And Beauty raced her sister Joy
By wood and winding stream,
And Hope made Earth, for girl and boy,
A deathless quest and dream !

xv

I would not have the Past brought back,
The young days come again,
The footings upward on Life's track,
The blunders, stumblings, pain.

Good God, the conquest of the years,
The long grim war with Fate,
Heart-haunts too arid far for tears,
Home-fields too desolate !—

To wander round the banks and hear
 No sound to answer me,
 Save the bird's carol glad and clear
 And hum of stream and bee.

O bird and brook, ye cannot guess—
 Else ye would hush your voice—
 My aching heart's dull loneliness
 That moans while ye rejoice!—

The grisly deeps of Hell laid bare,
 The Faith on wild seas tost,
 The black fell midnights of Despair,
 The light of Heaven lost,—

The gropings upward from dark pits
 Where Trust had tumbled in ;
 For Friendship's treachery stabs and slits
 Faith, worse than Passion's sin !

XVI

But I would sit and dream a while,
 Unwatched by mortal eye—
 While the strange river's dance and smile,
 Unheeding, pass me by—

And lone, save for the loves that reach
 Across the waste of years,
 Voices that beckon and beseech,
 Dear eyes wherein are tears,

And hands that touch all tenderly
These trembling hands again :
"O love," their silence seems to say,
"The love was worth the pain !"

So let me dream by this lone land,—
Unwatched by mortal eye,
Unvext by touch of mortal hand,
Or footfall passing by—

My hands left empty—gone the gleams—
Skies gray—gone out the star—
The comrades mute, that played by streams
In other lands afar !

XVII

But look !—the creel stands palpable
There by the river's flow !
Some joys true Memory still can spell
From that lost Long-ago :

Some quickened pulse to breast the steep
In working-time or play,
Some health of heart that starts from sleep
When Life makes holiday :

Some keenness still within the eye,
Some deftness in the wrist,
Some call in streamlet's song or sigh
And hills by beauty kissed :

Some hopes that do not age or tire,
Visions that yet abound
When, heart-wise, at the rude camp-fire
The quip and tale go round :

Some rapture at the reel's glad risp
When brave trout springs at play,
Large sense of Life when breezes crisp
Blow at the dawn of day :

Some leaping still within the soul
At comrade's calling voice,
Some writing on the mystic scroll
Which bids true hearts rejoice—

Where'er the mountains round us rise,
Where'er the rivers run,
Where'er dear Nature, strong and wise,
Speaks clear to Man, her son !

XVIII

But now the voice from down the dell
Comes shouting "Lunch!"—and, lo,
Life still, the creel to-day can tell,
Has "something worth!" to show.

THE SOUL'S CRY.

(THE HIGHER ANTHROPOMORPHISM.)

I

My Father, let Thy little child
Walk side by side with Thee,
And through the dark and o'er the wild,
Wherever Thou wilt be !
Or, if such prayer be rash and vain,
Hear Thy child's litany—
That Thou wilt walk, through joy or pain,
Upon *my* path with me !

O God, Thy goings through the storm,
And on the clouded sea,
And o'er Life's broken billows, form
A darkling mystery :
And, weary with the vain desire
Close to Thy steps to be,
Thy child's small feet fall short and tire :
I cannot go with Thee !

Lord, on the hand-breadth of my way
That seemeth far to me,
Let fall Thy light : at break of day
The doubt, the dark shall flee :
And, lone or thronged or smooth or rough
Or flinty let it be,
There shall be hope and cheer enough
If Thou wilt go with me.

Or, if Thou passest on afar,
With footfall none may see,
To touch some distant world or star
That also yearns for Thee,—
O, let some whisper from the height,
Faint though its breathing be,
Say, in my soul, by day and night
“God’s Thought doth compass thee !”

11

The Voice spake low :—“Thou, too, hast
strength
To track thy path upon the sea,
And reach the goal’s far light at length,
And lift the veil o’ the Mystery !
O will, to face and cleave the storm,
With hope to steer and soul to see,
Thou, too, canst chaos mould to form :
Child-spirit, thou art kin to Me.

“Thou, too, canst darkness turn to light,
And wring from discord harmony,
Or narrow all thy skill and might
To Love's lone cry and Frailty's plea.
Thou, too, canst bear thy doomful Cross,
And win through woe Life's Victory,
And gain Man's triumph through thy loss :
Come, little child, and follow Me !

“With small deft hand and beating heart
And eyes too full of tears to see,
When billows beat on oar and thwart
And wild winds sweep thy Galilee,—
Thou, too, canst rise and dare the dark,
And speak to Fear and Agony
Thy calm ‘Be still !’—and bring thy bark
To land, by the hushed wondering sea !”

NOTES



NOTES.

(Notes are appended only where they seem quite necessary to the clear understanding of terms or incidents which enter into the structure of the poems.)

I

"DUNLUCE."

1. "*Dunluce*." The ancient stronghold of the MacQuillan, and later of the invading MacDonnell (written by Froude "MacConnell") from Scotland, who, by mixture of treachery and force, got hold of the MacQuillan territory, and whose restless ambition and raids in the "Elizabethan" epoch carried disunion and bloodshed into wide regions of Ulster and Connaught. Through the partiality shown to the MacDonnells under the Scottish King, James I. of England, while the great native Irish chieftains, the O'Neill, the O'Donnell, and the rest, were attainted, and the wide tribal lands confiscated, this raiding "clan" of Gaelic Scots were put in possession of a great stretch of North-Eastern Ulster. Dunluce Castle is perched upon an isolated cliff fronting the North Channel and the North Atlantic, near the dividing boundary of Co. Derry and Co. Antrim. Prior to the employment of artillery it must have been an almost impregnable stronghold. The cliff underneath the castle, rising sheer from the waves, is perforated by a natural cave opening seaward, and in ordinary weather capable of entrance at low tide by boats. Thus arms and pro-

visions could be secretly introduced into the stronghold (through an opening in the rocky floor) even when it was invested by a beleaguering land-force. In front the tide breaks in foam on the ledge—a submerged “skerry,” on which Da Leyva’s “Gerona” struck. To the east, in full view, rises the rugged cliff-line of the “Giant’s Causeway.” To the immediate west stretches the picturesque trend of the “White Rocks” (some two miles from Portrush), hollowed into a series of romantic grotto-like caves. The black basalt which overtops this chalk formation has evidently been out-poured from a great crater (a segment of which is still visible on the shore road), and is weathered into fantastic cliffs and chasms.

2. “*The ledge where the angry main.*” The popular tradition is that Da Leyva mistook the “chimney tops” of the Giant’s Causeway for the chimneys of Dunluce Castle ; and, approaching too near, so as to rake them with her guns, his ship was wrecked in the bay, named to the present hour “Port-na-Spania.” This legend is followed in J. W. Carey’s spirited water-colour painting (1893), “Wreck of the Galleon ‘Girona’ at Port-na-Spaniagh, Giant’s Causeway, 1588.” The legend involves both an anachronism and an entire misconception of the historic surroundings, and of Da Leyva’s then pitiable condition.

3. “*Her Knight without a stain, Da Leyva.*” “The brilliant Don Alonzo da Leyva, who commanded the land forces. . . . Born of a family who had for several generations been the terror of the Mediterranean corsairs, Don Alonzo had won his spurs in the last revolt of the Moors. . . . He was so celebrated, personally, and so many attractions combined in him, of birth, bearing, and distinguished services, that the fathers of the high-born youths who had volunteered to accompany the Armada, most of them, committed their sons to da Leyva’s special charge” (Froude,

History of England, vol. xii. pp. 380, 381, 459). Philip of Spain said he mourned Don Alonzo's loss more than that of the Armada.

By the swing of the tide some bodies and wreckage were swept eastwards and flung ashore at what is named "Port-na-Spania." Sorleyboy McDonnell, *suo more*, appropriated the casks of wine that were washed up on the beach (Bagwell, *Ireland under the Tudors*, pp. 179, 180).

John Richard Green makes da Leyva's ship "founder on a reef near Dumblane" (!)—an odd blunder for so clear-eyed a historic craftsman (*Short History of the English People*, p. 412). The blunder is corrected in his later work, *History of the English People*, vol. ii. p. 446.

4. "*The blood of papist Spain.*" This is the phraseology of that age, and is here used to indicate the fierce racial and religious animosity, devoid of all sense of magnanimity, which stirred Protestant and Roman Catholic, Englishman and Spaniard equally in the "Elizabethan" time.

II

FRIEDRICH'S VOW.

1. "*The call of the fight.*" The Franco-German War of 1870-71. "A hush fell suddenly upon the merry company of young holiday-makers in the gathering twilight, as the news was whispered through the gay seaside resort that all officers and men of all divisions of the German forces had been urgently summoned home to join their respective commands. It was known then that the dreadful war was inevitable, and that some of the friends who, a moment before, had been eagerly forming pleasant plans for the morrow's outings, would come back no more" (*From a private letter of that time*).

2. "*Innstrahull's red beacon-flare.*" The gleam of the great revolving light on the rock-island of "Innstrahúll" ("Innistrahúll"), off Malin Head, Co. Donegal, and the answering lights on the Scottish headlands opposite, pointing a safe sea-way to outward-bound and inward-bound vessels, are, in the gloaming, very conspicuous objects from "Rathmore Hill," the favourite evening promenade of holiday-makers at Portrush (ancient "Port-mona"), a few miles to the westward of the Giant's Causeway.

3. In reference to the suggestion voiced in stanza 19, Professor Geffcken makes a powerful counterplea for the rightness of the entire course of action pursued by the King, Wilhelm I., and Bismarck (see, e.g., Geffcken's paper, "The French in Germany," in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, August 1889). Geffcken also brings out the interesting fact that Thiers, France's ablest statesman, "was against the insane declaration of war in 1870, but he was hooted for his warning by his colleagues in the *Corps Legislatif*." Five years earlier Thiers had said: "Of two things, *one*—either we should be beaten, which is quite possible, and that would be an immense misfortune for France; or we should be victorious, and that would be the maintenance of despotism for ever."

III

BY THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

1. "*Gum-trees ring'd on the slope.*" One of the first and strangest impressions produced upon a newcomer is the ghostly aspect of an Australian upland, due to the method of "ringing" the eucalypt forest so as to kill the tree-shade, and secure, with least labour, grazing land for cattle. The stems of the great trees are "axed" or "ring'd" (stripped of bark for several

inches' width all round). Then, in the late summer, before the winter rains, the "ring'd" forest is fired. After some months' exposure to wind and sun the huge tree-trunks, with great up-stretched arms, stand leafless, dead, and ghastly white,—a dismal and desolate scene. In this way countless millions' worth of the finest timber has been, often with selfish recklessness, destroyed. Should the process of ruthless denudation, by axe and fire and sawmill, be allowed to continue, the wonderful coast ranges of Victoria and of other Australian States (and, indeed, most of the inland mountain ranges), unrivalled in their beauty of forest, brook, cataract, and babbling fountain, will soon be as barren, haggard, and parched as the bare coast ranges of Greece, Italy, and Spain. In many ranges the once-abundant brooks are already dwindling and drying up.

2. "*Phrath*." "Phrath" (the "broad") and "Hiddekel" (the "arrowy-swift"), the upland reaches of the Euphrates and Tigris, were two of the source-"heads" of the fourfold river of the earth's ideal youthhood and man's primal life and joy (Gen. ii. 10-14).

3. "*Red-cliffed Roe*." The Foyle ("green"), the Bann ("white"), and the Roe ("red") are three historic rivers of Co. Derry (the land of "oaks"), in Erin. For the songful Aghavoe see pp. 207, 208. Dr. N. M. O'Donnell, of Melbourne, probably the foremost Gaelic scholar in Australia, rejects, however, the popular meaning "green" for the name "Foyle." Its Irish equivalent, he states, simply means "cliff." He also doubts the correctness of the signification "white" (bawn) usually given to the river Bann. He holds that, more probably, "it comes from *beann*, a 'mountain-peak,' the Scotch 'ben.'" Certainly the mountain heights in which the upper Bann takes its rise would be in keeping with this.

4. "*The Alts of the rippling Aghavoe*." Three notable "deeps" by wooded "heights" on the Aghavoe

were resorts of our childhood—the “Round Alts,” the “Long Alts,” and the “Dead Alts” (the last now ruined by a “land-hungry” farmer).

IV

AUSTRALIA'S HERO.

1. “*No! they didn't raise no statue.*” The heroic deed and tragic fate of Arthur Wilkinson, coupled with the exceptional circumstances of the wreck of the “Fiji” (September 6, 1891)—at Moonlight Head, westward of Cape Otway, and near the mouth of the river Gellibrand, on the southern coast of Victoria,—produced at the time a profound impression all over Australasia. The newspapers were eloquent in eulogy, applauding the dead man's valour and splendid self-sacrifice. A statue was to be erected to his honour: his name was to be commemorated as a symbol of the noblest spirit of young Australian manhood. Already his name and his great utterance and sublime heroism are well-nigh forgotten.

2. “*A widow desolate.*” This expression might mislead. The only widow left desolate by Arthur Wilkinson's death was his widowed mother, who indeed was made thrice desolate by the tragedy. Her elder, and only other son, Mr. George James S. Wilkinson, had, ten years earlier (1881), “been drowned in a brave attempt to save his little daughter” (now Miss M. E. Wilkinson¹), who had been swept overboard from a yacht on Corio Bay, near Geelong. No one could have dreamed that Arthur, too, would meet his death

¹ Miss Wilkinson has inherited the intellectual and literary qualities of her “forebears.” And from the documentary evidence in her possession, and her full collection of authentic reports regarding the wreck, I have been able to assure myself as to the accuracy of my forth-setting of Arthur Wilkinson's personal history, and of the tragedy at Moonlight Head.

in a still more daring effort to save endangered life, on a fiercer sea and by a wilder shore.

This is the only feature in which the poem departs in any substantial detail from the actual facts of Arthur Wilkinson's personal history. He was unmarried, and dwelt on his "selection" alone. As, however, part of my aim in the poem is to present a characteristic Australian type of temperament, life, and action, I have introduced the widowed wife and the orphaned children, in keeping with that life. For this is, frequently, a very actual and tragic element which enters into the drama of Australian heroism.

3. "*Graftin*." In Australian "slang" the term "graft," "grafting," means hard work or "grind," especially in bookish study. It has no trace of the sinister meaning which attaches to the same term in American colloquial.

4. "*So they put him 'on the land.'*" Though born and bred amidst "gentle" surroundings, Arthur Wilkinson showed, from boyhood, a strong disinclination to a "bookish" life. Hence his father, in disappointment, nicknamed him "Failure," a title the youth accepted with equanimity. He loved animals of all kinds, and had a singular influence over them: this, also, inclined him towards "the land."

Arthur Wilkinson was born in South Australia, of English parents, who hailed from the Scandinavian Wilkinson-and-Robson stock of old Northumbria. His grandfather, Martin Wilkinson, author of *Law of Funds*, etc., was Judge of the County Palatine of Durham. Of this Judge Wilkinson's ten children the eldest, afterwards known as Dr. John James Garth Wilkinson, attained eminence as a physician, and still more as the translator and interpreter of Swedenborg for English readers. He was an intimate friend of John Stuart Mill, Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, etc., and contributed important articles to the *Encyclopædia*

Britannica. His younger brother, George Blakiston Wilkinson (fifth child of Martin Wilkinson of Durham), resolved to try his fortunes in the new land of Australia; and there his younger son, Arthur, was born.

5. "*The 'Loch Ard.'*" The ship "Loch Ard" was wrecked at "The Caves," one mile east of Sherbrooke Creek, fourteen miles from Moonlight Head, on the southern coast of Victoria, June 1, 1878. The catastrophe created a profound impression throughout Australia, as the ship's entire company—officers, crew, and passengers—perished, excepting only Thomas R. Pearce, midshipman, and Miss Eva Carmichael, a passenger, whom Pearce, with great gallantry, rescued. The survival of these two was rendered possible only by the strange circumstance that the doomed vessel drove ashore into a cave-like gap in the cliffs—the only opening of the kind along many miles of rock-bound coast.

6. "*The skurryin' 'Cumberland.'*" I have failed in my efforts to determine the real name of the large ship which broke upon the rocks west of the river Cumberland, and whose tragic fate, under that local title, still abides in the memory of the older settlers.

7. "*The full-rigg'd barque, the 'Fiji.'*" The "Fiji" went on the rocks a little before three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, September 6, 1891. It was near church time (11 o'clock A.M.) when Mr. John Evans, of Rivernook, Princetown, learned that a ship was on the reef, and the few residents began to gather to the scene. As Evans was setting out to Port Campbell for succour, the Constable from that township met him with the news that the rockets sent up from the wreck before daylight had been seen, and that the safety-apparatus was on its way and would arrive in two hours at the Gellibrand river. Evans went down, with horses, to the Gellibrand ferry, so that there should be no delay on its arrival. Meanwhile the wrecked men

were clinging in desperate plight along the bowsprit of the shattered vessel, and the incidents narrated in the poem were enacting their terrible drama.

But it was (according to the evidence) about 4.30 P.M. before the first boat reached the hither side of the Gelli-brand, having only a whip-line and four rockets and a tripod, and these were conveyed by Evans at once to the scene of the wreck. The heavy rope, tail-block, carrier, and cradle were in the second boat. Had these been on the spot, or used expeditiously on their arrival, the entire wrecked company then surviving, including Arthur Wilkinson, could have been safely fetched ashore.

8. "*An' her stowage oddest mixture.*" The "Fiji" was bound from Hamburg, Germany, to Melbourne, with "a valuable cargo," consisting chiefly of "brandy, whisky, schnapps, large quantities of dynamite, pianos, and children's toys." The morning after the wreck broke up, the shore was a marvellous sight. "Toys of every description, children's india-rubber balls in thousands, bottles of schnapps and spirits, cases broken and otherwise were mixed up together. The sea presented a similar spectacle. . . . Quantities of dynamite were washed ashore. . . . All this time the bodies of those who had been drowned lay upon the beach and looked a ghastly sight."

9. "*Fist then strode Arthur for'ards.*" Arthur Wilkinson's "selection" was some eight miles from the scene of the wreck, so that he did not arrive till the afternoon. When he saw Punken, the ship's carpenter, attempting to swim ashore, he believed he was carrying a life-line round his body, so as to establish communication with the land. It was with the view of getting hold of this life-line and fetching both it and its bearer to the beach that young Wilkinson resolved to risk his life, and, stripping off his clothes, plunged into that wild sea. It was with this meaning he had used the

great words : "*There are twenty-six lives out there on that ship. My life is only one. What is my one life compared with theirs ?*"

10. "*They swung off, man by man, an' let him lie.*" The most painful feature, amongst all the tragic incidents connected with the wreck, is the abandonment of Arthur Wilkinson to his fate, coupled with the flat contradiction between the statements of the second mate and the captain as to his condition when they left him. Three facts are clear :—

- (1) He was not dead when the captain and second mate left him to his doom. The second mate, in contradiction of the skipper's assertion, admits this. In three separate statements he affirms that he was not dead. "He was not dead," though, he says, he was "unconscious."
- (2) All those who were saved had life-belts on. Why no life-belt was put on Wilkinson, why no line was attached to him, I cannot comprehend, except on the supposition that, chilled and cowed by the long exposure and by the dread of the barque's breaking up, and with only the whip-line connecting them with the shore, the men and officers at last forgot all considerations but their own final chance of safety.
- (3) That Wilkinson was by no means dead when abandoned by the men he had risked his life to save is conclusively proven by the fact that, when his mangled body was swept ashore, his hands were firmly grasping matches and other small wreckage, jetsam that floated on the sea after the "*Fiji*" broke up. This proves that he was alive and battling against the surf after the vessel disappeared.

11. "*Staunch Hughes at Bonnie Vale.*" The rescue by divers Hughes and Hearne of the Italian miner, Modesto Varischetti, from his long entombment in the

depths of the "Westralia Mine" at Bonnie Vale, near Coolgardie, Western Australia, stands (the General Manager declared) "unique in mining records." By a sudden inrush of water (which flooded completely "No. 10 level," and rose, choking the shaft and "passes" leading up to "No. 9 level") Varischetti was cut off, while his mates escaped. It was known only that Varischetti had probably taken refuge in the little "stope," a safety nook that rose from "No. 10 level" for a short distance upward into the solid rock. It was hoped that the "air-pressure" in the stope would prevent the waters from rising and drowning him.

The shaft was 1102 feet distant from the stope, and a narrow vertical "pass," down which Hughes, in diving apparel, eventually made his way, was 250 feet distant. For two long days and nights Varischetti stood or lay alone in the awful silence and darkness, not knowing that any efforts were being made for his rescue. The "entombment" took place on Wednesday, March 20, 1907. From Thursday 21st to Thursday 28th the desperate rescue struggle went on, and it is bare fact to say that all Australia hung in anxious suspense waiting for the fitful messages which came from the mine mouth.

In three successive attempts to reach Varischetti, "through total darkness and muddy water," "a feat (he says) I had never attempted before," Hughes was completely baffled, in the first essay almost losing his life. A fourth attempt (down the narrow vertical pass) was successful. Carrying with him suitable food and a lamp hermetically sealed, he reached at length the entombed man. Varischetti was terribly alarmed when the monstrous figure in its diving apparel rose up towards him out of the dark water, and turned the light of an electric lamp upon him. This was on Friday, the 22nd. The scene of rejoicing when, on Thursday, the 28th, Hughes finally brought Varischetti to the pit-head was, of course, indescribable. "Hughes

was mobbed by the enthusiastic throng, men sobbing aloud, while kisses were showered on him by many women." At the annual meeting of the Royal Humane Society of Australasia, held in Melbourne in July 1907, Hughes was presented with the Clarke Gold Medal, its highest award for heroism in saving life ; and from King Edward VII. he received the Albert Medal awarded for distinguished valour in rescuing life in mines.

12. "*An' young Cook,—ye've seen 'the Nobbies'?*" On February 22, 1906, the sailing ship "*Speke*," 2712 tons net register, classed 100 A1 at Lloyd's, which left Sydney in ballast for Melbourne, was wrecked in a terrific gale near the rocks called "*The Nobbies*" at the south-western extremity of Phillip Island, Western-port. The wreck was remarkable for "the marvellous escape of the crew" (with the exception of one seaman), through the heroism of Alexander Cook, the second mate, aged twenty-one. Captain Tilston said : "I asked the second mate, Cook, to jump overboard with a line to the shore. This he did at great peril of his life, and he got a line round the rock."

13. "*Yis, I count this finer valour.*" The gallant deeds have not ended with Arthur Wilkinson, Hughes, and Cook. Each great bush-fire, each "bathing season," each mining extension, each railway disaster, each wreck upon our shores presents us with some example of notable self-forgetfulness, endurance, and courage, deeds of splendid heroism done for the sake of others. Forces and qualities like these are coalescing to form the blood and muscle and conscience of the new British nationhood of Australia. And all these factors can confidently be set over against that "other sort o' humans" who sprawled by the bungs on the beach, below Moonlight Head, to the discredit of European civilisation and of "humanity."

V. A.

SAM PERRY.

Samuel Perry was a man of extraordinary ability, and endowed with sparkling wit. Though hampered constantly by lack of means and by want of rudimentary training, scientific and literary, in his boyhood and youth, he impressed all who met him with his wonderful versatility, his unconventional manhood, and his mechanical skill.

"Painter and Glazier," in Garvagh,¹ a romantically situated village in the heart of the central County Derry hills, he was a source of wonder and admiration to the lads of the district and to the country folks far and near. With his own hands he constructed a gasometer in the little yard attached to his workshop, and lighted up the house and part of the street—the historic "Meeting-house Lane"—a vast marvel at that time. He built a little paddle-boat on Lag-anáyle, a deep bend of the river Aghavoe, and propelled it by an "engine" of his own construction, the first example in all that region of steam power applied to locomotion.

He invented the "spoon-paddle" as applied to paddle steamers, and had an autograph letter from the late Prince Consort, expressing his appreciation of the discovery. "Sam" was proud of this; it hung framed in his workshop, by his bench. As boys we used to read it frequently with a good deal of admiring awe, and ponder the thrilling question whether we too

¹ The same village sent forth the Cannings, of English and Indian renown in statesmanship. Their ancestor, "Lieut.-Col. Canning," is a central figure in Sam Perry's *Foes and Friends*. The late Dr. William Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh and "Primate of all Ireland," Sir James B. Dougherty, C.B., C.V.O. (the present Private Secretary for Ireland), and a notable array of men who have risen to eminence in various spheres of ability, have sprung from this romantic region.

might some day "invent something." Substantially the same invention, however, had been "sent in" almost at the same time by an English scientist. For practical purposes the value of the invention was "impaired by the loss of power in backing," and by the fact that the "screw" principle of steamer propulsion was found to be much more effective and adaptable than the "paddle."

"Sam Perry" published also a volume of verse, entitled *Foes and Friends* (taking mainly, as his model, Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion"), the earliest attempt to unify the legends and folk-lore and tribal aims of the Keltic people and the scenery of hill and glen and river with the practical life of Ulster resulting from the "Ulster Plantation." The poem gives evidence, at least, of a keen eye for nature, an intense love for peace, and "a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

Mr. Perry came of the "Anti-burgher," "Secession," spiritual stock. Under the influence of the Rev. James Bryce, a man of remarkable intellectual vitality (grandfather of Professor Bryce, now Viscount Bryce, formerly British Ambassador to the U.S.A. at Washington), this sturdy Ulster section of the great Presbyterian Church family resisted "State-establishment" of religion, and refused to accept the *regium donum*. The Rev. James Bryce was a Scotsman who settled in Ulster in the close of the eighteenth century; he seems to have been marked by a strong individuality in *theological* thinking, blended with a *political* Liberalism of the widest and most progressive kind.

Mr. Samuel Perry was a child of Liberalism, not in its political aspect only, but all through. Though loyal to his Church, he was singularly daring and unconventional in his religious outlook. The ecclesiastic fopling, or pedant, or pietist had small chance in his hands. Some good people stood in awe of him, and regarded him, I fear, as "a sceptic." Yet he was a

man of stainless character, and of what Matthew Arnold terms "the most difficult thing in the world," namely, "right conduct." Furthermore, he steadfastly attended church, and, being musical, led the singing. But when the sermon wandered off into the dry regions of the "Divine Decrees" or the "Apocalyptic Chronology," Sam Perry's thoughts also wandered off *elsewhere*. But the parson did not know this, and it did him no harm. Nor did he know that there had been over Sam Perry's life in childhood the drear despotism of a sterner aspect of religion, embodied in his grandsire. This, and the recoil from it, are also set forth in the poem.

Mrs. Samuel Perry was a woman of great beauty and of bright intelligence. Their two sons, "breasting the blows of circumstance," became distinguished scientific scholars. The younger son is Professor John Perry, a man of world-wide fame. The elder son, a very winsome personality, was (the late) James Perry, C.E., Surveyor-General of Co. Galway, a post afterwards held by his gifted daughter, Miss Alice Perry, B.E., the first lady student (I think) to graduate in a British University with the highest Honours in Engineering. She now holds an official post in London.

Mr. Samuel Perry's daughters were, all of them, marked by great mental power; and the genius has gone down into the third generation.

[It was the suggestion of Professor Dowden (see p. x) that this brief description of Samuel Perry should have been inserted as preface to the poem.]

V. B.

SAM PERRY.

1. "*Ullin's dell*," etc. "Glen Ullin," or "Glen Errigle" (Errigal), two miles above the picturesquely situated village of Garvagh, amidst the central hills of

County Derry, Ireland, is a romantic glen of singular beauty, on the river Aghavoe (vulgarised "Aghivey"), which rises at the base of Benbraddagh mountain, and flows through the gorge of "Glen Errigle," thence downward through wooded hill and dell to Garvagh, and so onward through the fertile valley of Aghadoey into the lower Bann. Half a mile below the village of Garvagh is a pretty little glen, picturesque with birch and larch and "quickenberry," and with hazel fringing the stream, while beech and ash and sycamore crown the height beyond. This glen was in my father's land, and was the elfin woodland and wonderland of our childhood. Thence the river flows, through a succession of "Alts" and singing "runs," to a great bend where a "carrie" (to divert the waters to a "lade" or mill-race) coops the flood into "Läg-ä-náyle." Bright and glad-some it can be when the sun gleams on its calm surface. But its ordinary mood is sombre, and round it has gathered many a legend, many a tale of blood-curdling witchcraft and devilry, or of more substantial feud and conflict. It was a rare elfin-land to be born and bred in! Läg-ä-náyle Dr. N. M. O'Donnell explains as meaning "O'Neill's hollow." "The word 'Karry,' or 'Carrie,' is simply *carra* (Karra) = a weir or causeway." *Ligoniel*—a district in the south of County Derry—is simply another form of Läg-ä-náyle.

2. "*Anyá's wizard well.*" "Tober-Anyá" ("well-of-delight," or "well-of-life's desire"), an ancient, very sacred well (famed for its reputed curative powers) which bursts with a song out of the Glen Ullin hills, and leaps in a burn down to the river. The region is noted for its large number of Keltic "raths." On the largest and most perfect of these (popularly entitled "Bonnie-fort")—an oval ring or basin, with a sward of the freshest emerald green—the young people, Roman Catholic and Protestant, from far and near, were wont to meet on Easter Monday, and "toss" eggs, variously dyed, and "spey their fortune," a relic of ancient Druid

rites. On the sacred hawthorn that shaded "Tober-Anya" I have seen scores of rags or pieces of ribbon, knotted to the branches by pilgrims who had come to drink or bathe at the sacred well, and who left their ailments, symbolically, behind them, tied to the sacred thorn, hard by the wonder-working fountain.

The whole region was splendid with ghost and goblin romance. Of the derivation of "Tober-Anya," Dr. N. M. O'Donnell gives a satisfactory explanation. He says: "'Tober-Anya' has probably some meaning like 'well of pleasure' (or 'delight,' or 'desire'). I should think the Irish words would be 'Tobar Aíne.' Aíne is a substantive (feminine) made from the adjective Án (awn), 'pleasant,' 'delightful.' The word is not, I think, used now by the people; but I know it well in mid-Irish literature; and it is a favourite qualificative of 'life.' Keating uses it. There is a name Aíne known in Munster—one of the queens of the Munster fairies. She had her 'court beneath Knockaney (Cnoc-Aíne) in Co. Limerick.'"

If Dr. O'Donnell's derivation be correct, "Tober-Anya" would, then, really mean "fairy-well,"—well of the glad water of Heart's desire; "the well-water of life," for which the heart goes seeking, and of which Ethna Carbery, and other mystic poets of Erin, so wistfully sing:—

Beyond the four seas of Eire, beyond the sunset's rim,
It lies half-forgot in a valley deep and dim.

And whoso drinks the nine drops shall win his heart's desire.
(Ethna Carbery, *The Four Winds of Eirinn.*)

VI

ACHONRY.

1. "*Achonry.*" The suggestion of this poem was first made in a letter written, so long ago as "5. March.

1865," by a young student who was then touring through the west of Ireland. The following extract describes the unique incident which is embodied in the poem :—

"In the little hamlet of Kilconnel, near to 'the fatal field of Aughrim,' I heard for the first time the story of the ruin wrought upon the famous old Franciscan Abbey, in part by the ruthless Elizabethan soldiery of Bingham, and more effectively by the troops left behind him in Ireland by Oliver Cromwell, in his merciless Plan for the 'Pacification' (?) of this ill-starred country.

"I heard also the beautiful legend of the 'great silver bell,' with its wondrous tone, which was borne away secretly from the Kilconnel Abbey tower, and lies hid in safety in the deep bog somewhere till Erin's hope shall come, when it is to peal once more from the turret, in the new era of Freedom and Fatherland. It touched me deeply.

"Another element of this legend of Kilconnel seemed to me specially beautiful. It is the popular notion that no song-bird will ever sing over the desolated plains of Kilconnel and Athenry until the great bell shall again peal from the tower of the restored Abbey.

"But a rare discovery awaited us within the Abbey itself. Shocked at the disgraceful condition in which the neglect of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners (or whoever the responsible authorities may be) had left the bodies of the dead,—in some instances the coffins not even completely covered by the roughly-mounded earth,—we hurried onwards, and were abundantly rewarded when we penetrated to the ruined 'great altar' and its unroofed surrounding chancel and chapels. In a side-room, or chapel, known currently as 'the Strangers' Room,' we were startled by the sudden whirl of a pair of robin redbreasts, that sprang from the midst of a mass of tangled bramble. We began carefully to investigate

the cause, and came upon a surprising, and surely tragic 'find.' A great skull, bleached white, lay firmly fixed in the interlacing briers. Within its 'hollow round' the robins had built their nest; and in the nest lay five tiny eggs. Then, examining more closely, I saw that behind, set in the wall, was the end of a tomb, on which was carven a full inscription in English, with (in the centre) the arms of the old Barnewall family, and their Latin legend, '*Malo Mori Quam Foedari*' (Rather death than dishonour). I stood for a time quite spell-bound. In the lower ledge of this 'mural tablet' gaped a great ragged hole, and through this the skull had evidently dropped, finding lodgment in the thick bramble bush beneath.

"The inscription, which I deciphered with some difficulty, completed for me the wonder and thrilling interest of this dramatic incident. It runs in roughly cut capital letters:—

Here lieth the body of Mathyas · Barnewall · the
12 · Lord · Barron · of Trim(l)estowne · who, being
transplanted · into Conaght · with others · by orders ·
of · the · Usurper · Cromwell · Dyed · at · Moinivae ·
the · 17 of September · 1667 · For · whome · this
Monument · was · made · by his Sonne · Robert ·
Barnewall · the 13 Lord of Trimlestoune.

"I cannot adequately describe the weird sensation it gave me to put my hand upon that white big-browed skull, lying so dumb and lone amid the desolation of a temple and a Fatherland. The strong will, centred once in that bleached skull, had fronted the might of Cromwell. Now the peaceful redbreasts, uncaring for man's wrath and havoc, would rear their brood—new life in death—in that grim silent crypt.

"Here are a scene and a story whose fact and whose legend are equally tragic. Within them is gathered the drama of Erin's doom and of her hope.

"It is singular that the same legend of the bell and of the song-birds' silence has become identified also, but

much more vaguely, with the ruined Abbey of Achonry, which I visited later. It is very interesting; and the history of its misfortune is similarly tragic, but is not so rich in romantic incident as that of Kilconnel. The legend is clearly, I think, an echo of the original Kilconnel legend.

"The entire region of Athenry (Achonry)—throughout the long drama, from the fatal battle of Macruimhé, hard by, where, early in the third century A.D., the High-King Art (son of 'Conn of the hundred battles' and father of the famous King Cormac) was slain in the great conflict against the combined forces of the Picts of the North and clans of Munster and of Alban, on to the 'fatal field of Aughrim,'—has been representative of the ill-starred fortunes of Innisfail, and also of her hope. It has been already so taken by Aubrey de Vere. I have, therefore, fancied that the two memorable abbeys of that historic district,—situated so near to one another and united in a common doom,—might be blended together in some noble poem. The legend of the hidden bell and of the song-birds' silence would thrill through it as with a heart-beat, prophetic of the new uprise of Erin's life and of the Freedom of the Nations."

2. "*The ruined Abbey of Achonry.*" The reader will, I hope, clearly understand that the description of the Abbey and of the tomb and skull given in the poem applies to the Abbey of Kilconnel alone. It is in the side chapel or "Strangers' Room" of Kilconnel Abbey that the tomb of Matthias Barnewall, Lord Trimlestone, stands. The Franciscan Abbey of Kilconnel, hard by Aughrim, and the Dominican Abbey of Athenry are fourteen miles apart. The latter was joined with Kilconnel in the common struggle and common ruin in the Cromwell time. But it had suffered in the Elizabethan time much more from the violence of the "Saxonagh" or "Anglo-Irish,"—the Burkes of

Connaught. In 1574 Athenry was burnt down in a raid led by Ulick and Shane (John) Burke, "Sons of Richard (Saxonagh), 2nd Earl of Clanrickard." They also plundered and set fire to the Abbey Church, although the tomb of the family was there, and the body of "the mother of one of them" (viz. Ulick) lay therein. After its restoration, and during the Stuart and Puritan periods, the fortunes of the Abbey of Athenry were but a type of Ireland's sad story. "The monastery of Athenry and its appurtenances went, under Charles I., in 1627, to four Galway merchants as assignees of Sir James Craig, a Scotsman, one of the 'undertakers' for the 'Plantation of Ulster' in the reign of James I., from whom he received 2000 acres in the county of Cavan" ("Athenry Abbey," by M. J. Blake, *Journal of the Galway Archaeological Society*, vol. ii., Nos. i. and ii., 1902).

"In 1644 the Dominican Monastery of Athenry, together with four other Dominican Monasteries in Ireland, was erected into a University by the Decree of a general Chapter held at Rome." Here was attempted the solution of that "University Problem" for Ireland which Mr. Augustine Birrell has solved, by such a different method, in our day!

3. "The bell that swung in the silvern turret" (stanza 2) . . . "And from Kilconnel . . . the great bell answered" (stanza 8). The Dominican Abbey of Athenry was "built by Meylen de Bermingham, second Lord Athenry, 1241 A.D." (Ware). The more famous Franciscan Friary and Abbey of Kilconnel were first founded about the year 1352 by William Magnus O'Kelly, Lord of Hy-Maine. [A very interesting account of the Abbey and of its romantic and tragic history has been recently published—*The Franciscan Friary of Killconnell*, by Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A., F.R.S.A.; Editor of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*; President of the Belfast Naturalists' Field Club. This is reprinted from

the *Journal of the Galway Archæological and Historical Society*, vol. i., No. iii., and published as a Booklet. It is illustrated by excellent photographs, and plan.]

In Father Mooney's *Itinerary* (cir. 1616), he tells :—
 "There are seven altars. The campanile is lofty and in it hangs a large and sweet-toned bell which has, strange to say, escaped the hands of the heretics, who seize all such objects with extraordinary rapacity."

The latter days of the history of Kilconnel and of the Franciscan brotherhood make sad reading. I fear Dr. O'Donovan has largely dissipated the hope of finding the famous bell, in its material substance. He gives this Note (*Ordnance Survey Letters, County of Galway*, vol. i.) :—"Killconnell Abbey . . . Tombs with inscriptions, Lord Trimblestone's Monument, Daly's and Betagh's Monuments, etc. . . . Abbey bell, found in Moin-na-mbrathair (Bog of the Friars) in Ellagh, wooden figure of St. Francis preserved there." On this Mr. Bigger makes the comment : "I have, as yet, been unable to trace the whereabouts of this bell or the effigy of Saint Francis ; but may yet do so with the assistance of some local enthusiast" (pp. 36, 37). But, in any case, in its ethical and national significance, that fated bell shall peal again with its message of better cheer and hope !

4. "*Lord Baron Barnewall, twelfth of the name.*" In Debrett, "Matthias Barnewall, eldest son of the Hon. Christopher Barnewall (eldest son of 7th Baron), is stated to have been '8th Baron Trimlestown,' and to have succeeded his grandfather, Robert Barnewall, the 7th Baron." The Baronage of Trimlestown (*Peerage of Ireland*) was created in 1461, and "the third Baron, John Barnewall, Lord Trimlestown, was High Treasurer (1524) and Lord High Chancellor (1534) of Ireland." Apparently the "12" inscribed on the tomb represents the enumeration according to a family genealogy.

The inscription on the Barnewall tomb in Kilconnel

Abbey is given by Prendergast (*Cromwellian Settlement*) "from a photograph taken A.D. 1865, by the Rev. H. E. Muriel, Rector of Kilconnell." It is reproduced in full, from a "Rubbing," by Mr. Bigger (p. 21). In neither of these is there any trace of the "great ragged hole" seen by the "young student" in the early spring of 1865. The tomb had evidently



INSCRIPTION ON TOMB OF MATHYAS BARNEWALL, LORD TRIMLESTONE, IN THE "GUARDIAN'S APARTMENT," OR "STRANGERS' ROOM," NEAR TO THE GREAT ALTAR, IN KILCONNELL ABBEY, CO. GALWAY. (From a "Rubbing," retouched by Ida Sherbourne Rentoul.)

been "mended" prior to Mr. Muriel's photograph. The report of the student's tour drew indignant attention to the then state of the Abbey.

The Barnewall family, as the name implies, belonged to "the English of the Pale." Prendergast (*Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, pp. 34, 43), not without a trace of perhaps pardonable vindictiveness, moralises on the

fact that these "Anglo-Irish" titled owners of landed estates—Talbots, Fitzgeralds, Plunkets, Barnewalls, Dillons, etc., whose names had been "appended to various schemes for extirpating or transplanting the Irish" after the subduing of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald's rebellion in 1535 (under Henry VIII., through the strenuous measures of Thomas Cromwell)—were afterwards themselves "transplanted" (under the despotism of another and mightier Cromwell).

For the allotment of part of the Barnewall estates to the widow of a Cromwellian officer, and for some details of the "transplantation" of Lord Trimlestone and other "lords and gentlemen of the Pale," see *ibid.* pp. 42, 43 (also Bagwell, *Ireland under the Stuarts*, and *During the Interregnum*). Numerous were the remonstrances and petitions for alleviation from the terrible doom of the Cromwellian "Act of Settlement" (1652) that "went forth from every quarter of the Kingdom, from the titled and formerly prosperous Anglo-Irish landholders." Prendergast points out that the sufferings of the "native Irish" were still bitterer. "The native Irish were too poor to pay scribes and messengers to the Council, and their sorrows were unheard."

VII

BY AN AUSTRAL RIVER.

1. "*The Oréti*" (vulgarly called the "New River"). One of the finest trout rivers of Southland, N.Z.

2. "*The swaying tui*." The "tui" (pronounced "toó-ee") is popularly called the "parson-bird," owing to its greenish-black plumage and the rectangular bands of white on its throat and breast. It is a "honey-eater," and works quietly along the swaying flower-stalks of the "korari," as they bend over a

river brink, with their brilliant blooms full of sweet syrup.

3. "*The korari.*" The "korari" (pronounced "ko-ráh-ree")—so written by Colenso, Williams, Cheeseman, etc.; by others called "korádi," and, amongst some Northern tribes, "koládi"—is the flower-spike (and, according to some authorities, the entire plant) of the "New Zealand flax" (*Phormium tenax*), from whose fibre the Maories wove their cloth.

4. "*Great Earnslaw.*" The beautiful snow-clad mountain at the north-western end of Lake Wakatipu. This and other very deep lakes of New Zealand are characterised frequently by a remarkable stillness, save for the strange "pulse" or throb on the lake's bosom.

5. "*O Waiau!*" The Southern Waiau drains successively the great lakes Te Anau and Manapouri, and runs with much swiftness into the Southern Ocean. It is one of the finest rivers in New Zealand for large sea-run trout.

6. "*Aorangi*" ("Mount Cook"), pronounced "Ow-ráugh-ee" (cloud-piercer or cloud-uplifter), one of the world's great snow-clad mountains, 12,349 feet in height.

7. "*Crash of messmate's might.*" "Messmate," a species of "the white gum" (*Eucalyptus amygdalina*), which grows to vast height and girth on Australian mountain ranges, and is excellent for "splitting."

8. "*Poppet-heads.*" The frame of beams at the head of a mine-shaft, supporting the windlass and cage, symbolic of the toil and daring of the mining industry in Australasia.

9. "*Our new Flag's starry sheen.*" The flag of the new Australian Commonwealth (representing at once the Union Crosses of St. George, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew, and the six States of Australia and Tasmania)

is lusted through with the stars of the Southern Cross.

10. "*Yon Middle Dome.*" A peak of the "Garvie" mountain-range, Southland, N.Z. The effect of sunlight upon its snow-flecked slopes, as seen from the "junction" of the "Five Rivers," is often singularly beautiful.

11. "*Knocklayd*" ("Hill of Slaughter"), rising to only 1700 feet. From the hills at "Mount Pleasant" (my boyhood's home) above the Aghavoe, near Garvagh, Co. Derry, it forms a notable object some twenty-five miles to the eastward, in Co. Antrim. It always caught our young vision in the morning light. Away to the north-east was the faint rim formed by the cliffs of the Giant's Causeway. Between us and Knocklayd lay the valleys of the Aghavoe and the Bann, with the white glint of Ballymoney, and the plains of "the Route" (the ancient Dalriada) on the eastern side of that famous river. The white limestone gleam on Knocklayd's western slope seemed to our young eyes like the fillet on some sacred vestal's head. No splendour of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa or Matterhorn could ever afterwards give to our eyes of manhood the glamour of that elfin-land of childhood, as seen from those heights above the Aghavoe! The little trout river Glenshesk flows around the eastern base of Knocklayd.

12. "*Lone Shasta,*" "*fair Tacoma.*" "Mount Shasta," the splendid snow-capped peak or cone (14,522 feet high), standing out in solitary majesty from the Sierra Nevada range, North California, U.S.A. "Mount Tacoma" (now renamed Mount Rainier—as Captain Vancouver named it long ago—since the uprise of the city of Tacoma, which prospers as if under its giant guardianship, on the east shore of Puget Sound, Washington State, U.S.A.), a mighty snow-clad peak (14,526

feet high) of the Cascade range. The flame-flag that streamed from Mount Tacoma, as I saw it in the autumn sun-gleam, seemed as beautiful as that on the Matterhorn or on Teneriffe.

13. "*Sweet Glen Errigle*." (See notes to "Sam Perry" and "By the Australian Bush.") No Wicklow scenery can well surpass this glen, part of "The Glen," *par excellence*, of the ancient O'Cahan sept of the O'Neill.

THE END

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